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THE

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THE SQUIRREL.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

It was Atle, of Vermeland,
In winter used to go
A-hunting up in the pine forest
With snow-shoes, sledge, and bow.

Soon his sledge with the soft fine furs
Was heaped up heavily,
Enough to warm old Winter with;
And a wealthy man was he.

Just as he was going back home,
He looked up into a tree;
There sat a merry brown squirrel that seemed
To say, "You can't shoot me."

He twinkled all over temptingly,
To the tip of his tail a-curl;
His humor was arch as the look may be
Of some would-be-wooed sweet girl,

That makes the lover follow her, follow her
With his heart up-caught,
Until it floats on sleeping wings,
High in the heaven of thought.

Atle left his sledge and his furs,
All day his arrows sung,
But the squirrel leapt from bough to bough,
Only himself they stung.

He hunted far in the dark forest,
Till died the last day-gleams,
Then wearily laid him down to rest,
And hunted it through his dreams.

All night long the snow covered fast
His sledge and its snug fur store;
Long, long did he strain his eyes,
But never found them more.

Home came Atle, of Vermeland,—
No squirrel, no furs for the mart;
Empty head brought empty hand,
Both, a very full heart.

Many a one hunts the squirrel
For merry or mournful truth,
Until the gathering snows of age
Cover the treasures of youth.

Deeper into the forest dark
The squirrel will dance all day,
Till eyes grow blind and miss their mark
And hearts will lose their way.

My darling, should you ever espy
This squirrel in the tree,
With a dancing devil in its eye,
Just let the squirrel be!

THE ALLEN HOUSE;

OR,

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

No; there had been no strife with the heavenly messenger. As a child falls to sleep in its mother's arms, so fell Mrs. Montgomery asleep in the arms of an angel—tranquil, peaceful, happy. I say happy—for in lapsing away into that mortal sleep, of which our natural sleep is but an image, shall the world-weary who have in trial and suffering grown heavenly minded, sink into unconsciousness with less of tranquil delight than the babe pillowed against its mother's bosom? I think not.

As I gazed upon her dead face, where the parting soul had left its sign of peace, I prayed that, when I passed from my labors, there might be as few stains of earth upon my garments.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

I found myself repeating these holy words, as I stood looking at the white, shrunken features of the departed.

It was not until the next day that I saw Blanche. But Constance was with her immediately after the sad news jarred upon her sympathising heart.

"How did you leave her?" was my anxious query, on meeting my wife at home.

"Calm," was the brief answer.

How much the word included!

"Did you talk with her?"

"Not a great deal; she did not seem inclined to talk, like some who seek relief through expression. I found her alone in the room next to the one in which the body of her mother was lying. She was sitting by a table, with one hand pressed over her eyes, as I entered. 'Oh, my friend! my dear friend!' she said, in a tone of grief, rising and coming a step or two to meet me. I drew my arms around her, and she laid her head against me and sobbed three or four times, while the tears ran down and dropped upon the floor. 'It is well with her!' I said.

"'Oh, yes, my friend, it is well with her,' she answered, mournfully, 'well with her, but not with me. How shall I walk onward in life's difficult ways, without my mother's arm to lean upon? My steps already hesitate.'

"'You have another arm to lean upon,' I ventured to suggest.

"'Yes, a strong arm upon which I can lean in unfaltering trust. In this God has been good to me. But my wise, patient mother—how shall I live without her?'

"'She is only removed from you as to bodily presence,' said I. 'Love conjoins your souls as intimately as ever.'

"'Ah, yes, I know this must be. Too many times have I heard that comforting truth from her lips ever to forget it. But while we are in the body, the mind will not rest satisfied with anything less than bodily presence.'

"I did not press the point, for I knew that in all sorrow the heart is its own best comforter, and gathers for itself themes of consolation that even the nearest friend would fail to suggest. We went in together to look at the frail tabernacle from which the pure spirit of her mother had departed forever! How sweetly the smile left upon the lips in the last kiss of greeting, lingered there still, fixed in human marble with more than a sculptor's art. There was no passionate weeping, as we stood by the lifeless clay. Very calm and silent she was; but oh, what a look of intense love went out from her sad eyes. Not despairing but hopeful love. The curtain of death hid from her no land of shadows and mystery; but a world of spiritual realities. Her mother had not gone shrinking and trembling into regions of darkness and doubt; but in the blessed assurance of a peaceful reception in the house of her friends.

"How a true faith," said I, strongly impressed by the images which were presented to my mind, "strips from death its old terrors. When the Apostle exclaimed, 'Oh, Grave where is thy victory? oh, Death, where is thy sting?' his mind looked deeper into the mystery of dying, and saw farther into the world beyond, than do our modern Christians, who frighten us with images of terror. 'I will lay me down in peace and sleep,' when the time of my departure comes, should be the heart-language of every one who takes upon himself the name of Him who said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, ye may be also.'"

"Since I knew Mrs. Montgomery, and felt the sphere of her quality," said Constance, "my perceptions of life and duty here, and their connexion with life and happiness hereafter, have been elevated to a higher region. I see no longer as in a glass darkly, but in the light of reason, made clear by the more interior light of Revelation."

"And the same is true with me," I replied. "We may well say that it was good to have known her. She was so true, so just, so unconscious of self, that truth, justice, and unselfishness were always lovelier in your eyes for having seen them illustrated in her person.—And there was no pious cant about her. No parade of her unworthiness; no solemn aspects, nor obtrusive writings of bitter things against herself. But always an effort to repress what was evil in her nature; and a state of quiet, religious trust, which said, 'I know in whom I have believed.'"

"Ah," said Constance, "if there was only more of such religion in the world!"

"It would be a happier world than it is," I answered.

"By the impress of a life like hers, what lasting good is done!" said my wife. "Such are the salt of the earth. Cities set upon hills. Lights in candlesticks. They live not in vain!"

I did not see Blanche until the day of burial. Her beautiful face was calm, but very pale. It bore strongly the impress of sorrow, but not of that hopeless sorrow which we so often see on these mournful occasions. It was very plain that her thoughts were not lingering around the shrouded and coffined form of what was once her mother's body, but were following her into the world beyond our mortal vision, as we follow a dear friend who has gone from us on a long journey.

And thus it was that Blanche Montgomery entered upon her new life. Death's shadow fell upon the torch of Hymen. There was a rain of grief just as the sun of love poured forth his brightest beams, and the bow which spanned the horizon gave, in that hour of grief, sweet promise for the future.

These exciting events in the experience of our young friends had come upon us so suddenly, that our minds were half-bewildered. A few weeks served, however, to bring all things into a right adjustment with our own daily life and thought, and Ivy Cottage became one of the places that grew dearer to us for the accumulating memories of pleasant hours spent there with true-hearted ones who were living for something more than the unreal things of this world.

How many times was the life that beat so feverishly in the Allen House, and that which moved to such even pulsings in Ivy Cottage, contrasted in my observation. Ten years of a marriage such as Delia Floyd so unwisely consummated, had not served for the development of her inner life to any right purpose. She had kept on in the wrong way taken by her feet in the beginning, growing purse-proud, vain, ambitious of external pre-eminence, worldly-minded and self-indulgent. She had four children, who were given up almost wholly to the care of hirelings. There was, consequent upon neglect, ignorance and bad regimen, a great deal of sickness among them, and I was frequently called in to interpose my skill for their relief. Poor little suffering ones! how often I pitied them! An occasional warning was thrown in, but it was scarcely heeded by the mother, who had put on towards me a reserved stateliness, that precluded all friendly remonstrance.

At least two months of every summer Mrs. Dewey was absent from S——, intermitting between Saratoga and Newport, where she abandoned herself to all the excitements of fashionable dissipation. Regularly each year we saw her name in the New York correspondence of the Herald, as the "fascinating Mrs. D——;" the "charming wife of Mr. D——;" or in some like style of reference. At last, coupled with one of these allusions, was an intimation that "it might be well if some discreet friend would whisper in the lady's ear that she was a little too intimate with men of doubtful reputation; particularly in the absence of her husband."

This paragraph was pointed out to me by one of my patients. I read it with a throb of pain. A little while afterwards I passed Mr. Floyd and Mr. Dewey in the street. They were walking rapidly, and conversing in an excited manner. I saw them take the direction of the depot.

"Here is trouble!" I said, sighing to myself. "Trouble that gold cannot gild, nor the sparkle of diamonds hide. Alas! alas! that a human soul, in which was so fair a promise, should get so far astray!"

I met Mr. Floyd half an hour later. His face was pale and troubled, and his eyes upon the ground. He did not see me—or care to see me—and so we passed without recognition.

Before night the little warning sentence written by the Saratoga correspondent was running from lip to lip all over S——. Some pitied, some blamed, and not a few were glad in their hearts of the disgrace; for Mrs. Dewey had so carried herself among us as to destroy all friendly feeling.

There was an expectant pause for several days. Then it was noised through the town that Mr. Dewey had returned, bringing his wife home with him. I met him in the street on the day after. There was a heavy cloud on his brow. Various rumors were afloat. One was—it came from a person just arrived from Saratoga—that Mr. Dewey surprised his wife in a moonlight walk with a young man for whom he had no particular fancy, and under such lover-like relations, that he took the liberty of caning the gentleman on the spot. Great excitement followed. The young man resisted—Mrs. Dewey screamed in terror—people flocked to the place—and mortifying exposure followed. This story was in part corroborated by the following paragraph in the Herald's Saratoga correspondence:

"We had a spicy scene, a little out of the regular performances, last evening; no less than the caning of a New York sprig of fashion, who made himself rather more agreeable to a certain married lady who dashes about here in a queenly way than was agreeable to her husband. The affair was hushed up. This morning I missed the lady from her usual place at the breakfast-table. Later in the day I learned that her husband had taken her home. If he'll accept my advice he will keep her there."

"Poor Mrs. Floyd!" It was the mother's deep sorrow and humiliation that touched the heart of my Constance when this disgraceful exposure reached her. "She has worn to me a troubled look for this long while," she added. "The handsome new house which the Squire built, and into which they moved last year, has not, with all its elegant accompaniments, made her any more cheerful than she was before. Mrs. Dean told me that her sister was very much opposed to leaving her old home; but the Squire has grown rich so fast that he must have everything in the external to correspond with his improved circumstances. Ah me! If, with riches, troubles so deep must come, give me poverty as a blessing."

A week passed, and no one that I happened to meet knew, certainly, whether Mrs. Dewey was at home or not. Then she suddenly made her appearance riding about in her stylish carriage, and looking as self assured as of old.

"That was a strange story about Mrs. Dewey," said I to a lady whom I was visiting professionally. I knew her to be of Mrs. Dewey's set—don't smile, reader; we had risen to the dignity of having a fashionable "set" in S——, and Mrs. Dewey was the leader.

The lady shrugged her shoulders, drew up her eyebrows, and looked knowing and mysterious. I had expected this, for I knew my subject very well.

"You were at Saratoga," I added; "and must know whether rumor has exaggerated her conduct."

"Well, Doctor," said the lady, dropping her voice, and putting on the air of one who spoke in confidence. "I must say that our friend was not as discreet as she might have been. Nothing wrong—that is criminal—of course. But the truth is, she is too fond of admiration, and encourages the attentions of young man a great deal more than is discreet for any married woman."

"There was an actual rencontre between Mr. Dewey and a person he thought too familiar with his wife," said I.

"Oh, yes. Why it was in the newspaper!"

"How was it made up between the parties?"

"It isn't made up at all I believe. There's been some talk of a duel."

"A sad affair," said I. "How could Mrs. Dewey have been so thoughtless?"

"She isn't prudent by any means," answered this intimate friend. "I often look at the way she conducts herself at public places, and wonder at her folly."

"Folly, indeed, if her conduct strikes at the root of domestic happiness."

The lady shook her head in a quiet, meaning way. I waited for her to put her thoughts into words, which she did in a few moments after this fashion:

"There's not much domestic happiness to spoil, Doctor, so far as I can see. I don't think she cares a farthing for her husband; and he seems to have his mind so full of grand business schemes as to have no place left for the image of his wife. At least so I read him."

"How has this matter affected their relation one to the other?"

"I have not seen them together since her return, and, therefore, cannot speak from actual observation," she replied.

There was nothing very definite in all this, yet it revealed such an utter abandonment of life's best hopes—such a desolation of love's pleasant land—such a dark future for one who might have been so nobly blest in a true marriage union, that I turned from the theme with a sad heart.

CHAPTER XX.

Almost daily, while the pleasant fall weather lasted, did I meet the handsome carriage of Mrs. Dewey; but I noticed that she went less through the town, and oftener out into the country. And I also noticed that she rode alone more frequently than she had been accustomed to do. Formerly, one fashionable friend or another, who felt it to be an honor to sit in the carriage of Mrs. Dewey, was generally to be seen in her company when she went abroad. Now, the cases were exceptional. I also noticed a gathering shade of trouble on her face.

The fact was, opinion had commenced setting against her. The unhappy affair at Saratoga, was not allowed to sleep in the public mind of S——. It was conned over; magnified; distorted; and added to, until it assumed most discreditable proportions,—and ladies who respected themselves, began to question whether it was altogether reputable to be known as her intimate friends. The less scrupulous felt the force of example, as set by these, and began receding also. In a large city, like New York, the defection would only have been partial; for there, one can be included in many fashionable circles; while only a few of them may be penetrated by a defaming rumor. But in a small town like S——, the case is different.

I was surprised when I comprehended the meaning of this apparent isolation of herself by Mrs. Dewey; and saw, in progress, the ban of social ostracism. While I pitied the victim, I was glad that we had virtue enough, even among our weak-minded votaries of fashion, to stamp with disapproval the conduct of which she had been guilty.

"I saw Mrs. Dewey this morning," said my wife, one day, late in November; "she was in at Howard's, making some purchases."

"Did you speak to her?"

"Yes; we passed a few words. How much she has changed."

"For the worse?"

"Yes. She appears five years older than she did last summer; and has such a sad, disappointed look, that I could not help pitying her from my heart."

"There are few who need your pity more, Constance. I think she must be wretched almost beyond endurance. So young, and the goblet which held the wine of her life broken, and all its precious contents spilled in the thirsty sand at her feet. Every one seems to have receded from her."

"The common sentiment is against her; and yet, I am of those who never believed her anything worse than indiscreet."

"Her indiscretion was, in itself, a heinous offence against good morals," said I, "and while she has my compassion, I have no wish to see a different course of treatment pursued towards her."

"I havn't much faith in the soundness of this common sentiment against her," replied Constance. "There is in it some self-righteousness, a good deal of pretended horror at her conduct, but very little real virtuous indignation. It is my opinion that eight out of ten of her old fashionable friends would be just as intimate with her as ever, though they knew all about the affair at Saratoga, if they only were in the secret. It is in order to stand well with the world that they lift their hands in pretended holy horror."

"We cannot expect people to act from any higher principles than they possess," said I. "And it is something gained to good morals, when even those who are corrupt in heart, affect to be shocked at departures from virtue in their friends."

"Yes, I can see that. Still when I look beneath the surface, I feel that, so far as the motives are concerned, a wrong has been done; and my soul stirs with a feeling of pity towards Mrs. Dewey, and indignation against her heartless friends. Do you know, dear, that since I met her this morning, I have had serious thoughts of calling upon her."

"You!"

Constance gave me one of her placid smiles in answer to my surprised ejaculation.

"Yes; why not?"

"What will people say!"

"I can tell you what they will not say," she replied.

"Well?"

"They will not say, as they do of her, that of all men, I care least for my husband."

"I am not afraid of their saying that; but—"

I was a little bewildered by this unexpected thought on the part of my wife, and did not at first see the matter clear.

"She has held herself very high, and quite aloof from many of her old friends," Constance resumed. "While this was the case, I have not cared to intrude upon her; although she has been kind and polite to me whenever we happened to meet. Now, when the summer friends who courted her are dropping away like autumn leaves, a true friend may draw near and help her in the trial through which she is passing."

"Right, Constance! right!" said I, warmly. "Your clearer eyes have gone down below the surface. Oh, yes; call upon her, and be her true friend, if she will permit you to come near enough. There can be no loss to you; there may be great gain to her. Was there anything in her manner that encouraged you to approach?"

"I think so. It was this, no doubt, that stirred the suggestion in my mind."

Constance waited a day or two, pondering the matter, and then made a call at the Allen House.

"How were you received?" I asked, on meeting her.

"Kindly," she said.

"But with indifference."

"No. Mrs. Dewey was surprised, I thought, but evidently pleased."

"How long did you stay?"

"Only for a short time."

"What did you talk about?"

"Scarcely anything beyond the commonplace topics that come up on formal visits. But I penetrated deep enough into her mind to discover the 'aching void' there, which she has been so vainly endeavoring to fill. I do not think she meant to let me see this abyss of wretchedness; but her efforts to hide it were in vain. Unhappy one! She has been seeking to quench an immortal thirst at broken cisterns which can hold no water."

"Can you do her any good, Constance?" I asked.

"If we would do good, we must put ourselves in the way," she replied. "Nothing is gained by standing afar off."

"Then you mean to call upon her again?"

"She held my hand at parting, with such an earnest pressure, and looked at me so kindly when she said, 'your visit has been very pleasant,' that I saw the way plain before me."

"You will wait until she returns your call?"

"I cannot say. It will depend upon the way things shape themselves in my mind. If I can do her good, I shall not stand upon etiquette."

As I came in sight of my modest little home a few days afterwards, I saw the stylish carriage of Mrs. Dewey dash away from my door, taking a direction opposite to that by which I was approaching.

"How are the mighty fallen!" It was hardly a good spirit by whom this thought was quickened, for I was conscious of something like a feeling of triumph. With an effort I repressed the ungenerous state of mind.

"So your call has been returned," said I, on entering our sitting room.

"Yes. How did you know?" Constance looked up, smiling, but curious.

"I saw Mrs. Dewey's carriage leave our door as I turned into the street. Did she come in, or only leave her card?"

"She came in, and sat for half an hour."

"And made herself very agreeable,—was patronizing, and all that?"

"No—nothing of the kind suggested by your words." And Constance looked at me reproachfully. "She was, on the contrary, quiet, subdued and womanly. I called to see her, with the manner of one who had about her no consciousness of inferiority; and she returned the call, without a sign that I could regard as offensive."

"It is well," I answered, coming back into my better state. "If true friends can take the place of false friends, who left her the moment a shadow fell upon her good name, then the occasion of blame may pave the way to life instead of ruin. There must be remains of early and better states covered up and hidden away in her soul, but not lost; and by means of these she may be saved—yet, I fear, that only through deep suffering will the overlying accretions of folly be broken away."

"She is in the hands of one to whom all spirits are precious," said Constance, meekly; "and if we can aid in His good work of restoration and salvation, our reward shall be great."

After the lapse of a week, Constance called again upon Mrs. Dewey. She found her in a very unhappy state of mind, and failed, almost entirely, in her efforts to throw a few sunbeams across the shadow by which she was environed. Her reception was neither cold nor cordial.

"I think," she said, "that my visit was untimely. Some recent occurrence had, probably, disturbed her mind so deeply, that she was not able to rise above the depression that followed. I noticed a bitterness of feeling about her that was not apparent on the occasion of my first call; and a hardness of manner and sentiment, that indicated a condition of mental suffering having its origin in a sense of wrong. Mr. Dewey passed through the hall, and went out a few minutes after I entered the house, and before his wife joined me in the parlor. It may have been fancy; but I thought, while I sat there awaiting her appearance, that I heard angry words in the room above. The heavy tread of a man's foot was there; but the sound ceased all at once—so did the voices. A little while afterwards Mr. Dewey came down stairs, and went out, as I have said. Some minutes passed before I heard the rustle of Mrs. Dewey's garments. There was the air of one disturbed and ill at ease about her, when she entered; and though she made an effort to seem pleased, all was forced work. Poor woman! The path she selected to walk in through the world has proved rough and thorny, I fear, beyond anything dreamed of in her young imagination."

CHAPTER XXI.

Weeks passed after this second visit to the Allen House, but the call was not returned by Mrs. Dewey. We talked the matter over, occasionally, and concluded that, for some reason best known to herself, the friendly overtures of Constance were not agreeable to the lady. She was not often seen abroad, and when she did appear, the closed windows of her carriage usually hid her face from careful observation.

Of late, Mr. Dewey was away from S—— more than usual, business connected with the firm of which he was a member requiring his frequent presence in New York. He did not remain absent over two or three days at a time.

Nearly opposite to where I resided lived Mr. Joshua Kling, the Cashier of the new Clinton Bank. He and Mr. Dewey seemed to be on particularly friendly terms. Often I noticed the visits of Mr. Dewey to the Cashier's house after bank hours, and many times in paying evening calls would I meet the two gentlemen, arm in arm, engaged in close conversation.

It was pretty generally understood in S—— that the Clinton Bank was in the hands of parties in New York, and that a large proportion of the discounts made were of paper bearing the endorsement of Floyd, Lawson, Lee & Co., which was passed by the directors as the legitimate business paper received by that house in its extensive business operations; or of paper drawn to the order of John Floyd & Co., given in payment of goods manufactured at the mills in S——. It was also generally conceded that as, through their partner, Mr. Dewey, this firm of Floyd, Lawson, Lee & Co., had invested a large amount of capital in S——, and by their liberality and enterprise greatly benefitted the town, they were entitled to all the favors it was in the power of the bank to give—more particularly as the firm was one of great wealth—"solid as gold"—and the interests of the stockholders would, therefore, be best served by keeping the line of discount mainly in so safe a channel.

Now and then a disappointed storekeeper, whose small offerings were thrown out, would inveigh bitterly against the directors, calling hard names, and prophesying "a grand explosion one of these days;" but these invectives and predictions hardly ever found a repetition beyond the narrow limits of his place of business.

And so the splendid schemes of Ralph Dewey and Company went on prospering, while he grew daily in self-importance, and in offensive supercilliousness toward men from whom he had nothing to expect. In my own case I had little to complain of, as my contact with him was generally professional, and under circumstances that caused a natural deference to my skill as a physician.

Nothing out of the ordinary range of things transpired until towards Christmas, when my wife received a note from Mrs. Dewey, asking her as a special favor to call at the Allen House. She was there in half an hour after the note came to hand.

I was at home when she returned, and saw the moment I looked into her face that she had been the witness of something that had moved her deeply.

"Is anything wrong with Mrs. Dewey?" I asked.

"Yes." Her countenance took on a more serious aspect.

"In what respect?"

"The story cannot be told in a sentence. I received a note from her as you are aware. Its earnest brevity forewarned me that the call involved something of serious import; and I was not mistaken in this conclusion. On calling, and asking for Mrs. Dewey, I noticed an air of irresolution about the servant. 'Mrs. Dewey is not well,' she said, 'and I hardly think can see company to-day.'

"'She is not ill, I hope?' said I.

"'No, ma'am; not ill exactly, but—' And she hesitated and looked embarrassed.

"'She will see me,' I spoke confidently. 'Take her my name, and I will wait here in the parlor.'

"In a few minutes the girl returned and asked me to walk up stairs. I followed her to Mrs. Dewey's room. She tapped lightly on the door, which was opened. I passed in, and found myself alone with Delia. She grasped my arm tightly as she shut the door and locked it, saying as she did so, in a voice so altered from her usual tone, that it sounded strangely in my ears—

"'Thank you, my friend, for coming so soon. I am in deep trouble, and need a counsellor as well as a comforter. I can trust you for both.'

"I drew my arm around her, so that by act I could give more than the assurance of words, and walked from the door with her to a lounge between the windows, where we sat down.—Her face had a shrunken aspect, like the face of one who had been sick; and it showed also the marks of great suffering.

"'You may trust me as your own sister, Delia,' said I, 'and if in my power to counsel, or to comfort, both will be freely accorded.'

"I called her Delia instead of Mrs. Dewey; not from design, but because the old name by which I had known her was first on my lips.

"I thought there was a sudden lifting of her eyes as I pronounced this name. The effect, if any followed, was not to repel, but to draw her closer.

"'I am standing,' she said, speaking slowly and solemnly, 'at the edge of a deep abyss, my way hedged up on both sides, and enemies coming on behind. I have not strength to spring over; and to fall is destruction. In my weakness and despair, I turn to you for help; if there is help in any mortal arm, something tells me it is in yours.'

"She did not weep, nor show strong emotion. But her face was almost colorless, and presented an image of woe such as never met my eyes except in pictures.

"'You have heard, no doubt,' she went on 'some of the stories to my discredit which have been circulated in S———. That I was gay and imprudent at Saratoga, cannot be denied—gay and imprudent as are too many fashionable women under the exciting allurements of the place. Little fond flirtations with gentlemen, made up a part of our pastime there. But, as for sin—it was not in my thoughts!' She said this with an emphasis that assured me of its truth. 'A mere life of fashionable pleasure, is a great exhauster of resources. One tires of this excitement and of that, pushing them aside as a child does an old or broken toy, to grasp after something new. It is not surprising, therefore, that mere pleasure-seeking women, forget at times the just proprieties of life, and before they are aware of danger, find themselves in very equivocal positions. This was simply my case. Nothing more—nothing less.'

"She paused and looked earnestly into my face, to see if I credited this assertion.

"'I have never believed anything else,' said I.

"A faint, sad smile flitted across her wan face.

"'The consequences of this error on my part,' she went on, 'threaten to be of the most disastrous kind. My husband has ever since conducted himself towards me, as if I were a guilty and disgraced thing. We occupy separate apartments; and, though we sit together at the same table, words rarely pass between us. Occasionally he comes home under the influence of wine, and then his abuse of me is fearful to think of. If anything could waken a thoughtless creature sleeping on enchanted ground, it was this.'

"'There has never been anything more than the semblance of love between us,' she continued. 'The more intimately I came to know him, after our marriage, the more did my soul separate itself from him, until the antipodes were not farther apart than we. So we lived on; I seeking a poor compensation in fashionable emulations and social triumphs; and he in grand business enterprises—castles in the air perhaps. Living thus, we have come to this point in our journey; and now the crisis has arrived!'

"She paused.

"'What crisis?' I asked.

"'He demands a separation.' Her voice choked—'a divorce—'

"'On what ground?'

"'On legal ground.' She bent down, covered her face, and uttered a groan so full of mental anguish, that I almost shuddered as the sound penetrated my ears.

"'I am to remain passive,' she resumed, while he charges me, before the proper court, with infidelity, and gains a divorce through failure on my part to stand forth and defend myself. This, or a public trial of the case, at which he pledges himself to have witnesses who will prove me criminal, is my dreadful alternative. If he gains a divorce quietly on the charge of infidelity, I am wronged and disgraced; and if successful in a public trial, through perjured witnesses, the wrong and disgrace will be more terrible. Oh, my friend! pity and counsel me.'

"'There is one,' said I, 'better able to stand your friend in a crisis like this than I am.'

"'Who?' She looked up anxiously.

"'Your father.'

"A shadow fell over her face, and she answered mournfully,

"'Even he is against me. How it is I cannot tell; but my husband seems to have my father completely under his influence.'

"'Your mother?' I suggested.

"'She can only weep with me. I have no adviser, and my heart beats so wildly all the time, that thought confuses itself whenever it makes an effort to see the right direction. Fear of a public trial suggests passive endurance on my part; but an innate sense of justice cries out against this course, and urges me to resist.'

"'If you are innocent,' said I, firmly, 'in the name and strength of innocence defend yourself! All that a woman holds dearest is at stake. If they drive you to this great extremity do not shrink from the trial.'

"'But what hope have I in such a trial if false witnesses come up against me?'

"'God and justice are stronger than all the powers of evil,' said I.

"'They might be, in your case,' she answered, mournfully, 'for you have made God your friend, and justice your strong tower.—But I—what have I to hope for in God? He has not been in all my thoughts; and now will He not mock at my calamity?'

"'No—no, my unhappy friend!' I answered. 'He never turns from any; it is we who turn from Him. His tender mercy is over all His works. All human souls are alike precious in His eyes. If you trust in Him, you need not fear your bitterest enemies.'

"'How shall I trust in Him?'

She bent towards me eagerly.

"'In the simple work of doing right,' said I.

"'Doing right?'

"She did not clearly understand me.

"'Do you think it would be right to let a charge of crime lie, unrepelled, against you; a great crime, such as is alleged—destroying your good name, and throwing a shadow of disgrace over your children?'

"'No,' was her unhesitating reply.

"'Then it would be wrong for you to suffer a divorce to issue on the ground of infidelity, without a defence of yourself by every legal means in your power. Do right, then, in so defending yourself, and trust in God for the result.'

"'I shudder at the bare thought of a public trial,' she answered.

"'Don't think of anything but right action,' said I. 'If you would have the Hosts of Heaven on your side, give them power by doing the right; and they will surely achieve for you the victory over all your enemies. Have any steps been taken by Mr. Dewey?'

"'I fear so.'

"'How long is it since your husband entertained this purpose?'

"'I think it has been growing in his mind ever since that unhappy affair at Saratoga.'

"As she said this, her thoughts seemed to turn aside upon something else, and she sat looking down upon the floor in a state of deep abstraction. At last taking a long breath, she looked up, and said with trembling lips and a husky voice,

"'I have something more to tell you. There is another aspect to this miserable affair.'

"And she drew forth a crumpled letter.

"'I found this, sealed, and directed, lying on the floor of my husband's room two days ago. It is in his hand writing; addressed to a lady in New York, and signed R. D. I will read you its contents.' And she unfolded the letter and read:

"'My Dearest Caroline,' it began; and then went on for a few paragraphs, in a lover-like strain; after which, the divorce from the writer's wife was referred to as a thing of speedy attainment, there being little fear of opposition on her part, as he had given her to understand that he had witnesses ready to prove her criminal conduct, if she dared to resist his will in the matter. 'A few months of patient waiting, dearest Caroline,' was the concluding sentence, 'and then for that happy consummation we have so long desired.'

"'What do you think of that?' asked poor Delia, looking almost wildly into my face.

"'I think,' said I, 'that you hold in your hands the means of safety. Your husband will not dare to force you into a defensive position, when he learns that you have this document in your possession. It would tell strongly against him and his perjured witnesses if produced in court. Then take heart, my friend. This worst evil that you dreaded will not come to pass. If a divorce is granted it will have to be on some different allegation.'"

"She grasped my hand and said, 'Oh, do you think so? Do you think so?'"

"'I am sure of it,' was my confident answer. 'Sure of it. Why, the man would only damage his cause and disgrace himself, by venturing into a trial with a witness like this against him.'"

"'Oh, bless you for such confidently assuring words!' and the poor creature threw herself forward, and laid her face upon my bosom. For the first time she wept, and for a season, oh, how wildly! You will not wonder that my tears fell almost as fast as hers.

"'I turned in my despair to you,' she said, on growing calm, 'you, whom I loved and almost revered in the earlier and better days of my life, and my heart tells me that I have not turned in vain. Into the darkness that surrounded me like the pall of death, a little light has already penetrated.'"

"May it shine unto the perfect day," I answered, fervently.

"And, dear husband! it will shine," said Constance, a glow of enthusiasm lighting up her face, and giving it a new beauty, "even unto the perfect day. Not the perfect day of earthly bliss—for I think the sun of that day has gone down never to rise again for her—but the perfect day of that higher life, which to many comes not, except through the gates of tribulation." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOLERATION.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds disagree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the law that would try
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!

—*Thos Moore.*

☞ Corny and Patrick the mason were looking at a well made wall on Washington street near the Roxbury line, when the latter, admiring the workmanship, ejaculated,—"Faith, an' that wall wasn't laid in this country." "How could that be?" was the inquiry. "I mean," he rejoined, "that the *man* who built and laid that same wall was never in this country, for such work is only done in the ould country."

☞ Sir William Chere had a very long nose, and was playing at backgammon with old General Brown. During this time, Sir William, who was a snuff-taker, was continually using his snuff-box, seldom making the application of his handkerchief necessary to keep pace with his indulgence. Observing him leaning continually over the table, and being at the same time in a very bad humor with the game, the General said,—"Sir William, blow your nose." "Blow it yourself," said Sir William, "it's as near you as me."

☞ Whoever considers the study of anatomy, I believe, will never be an atheist; the frame of man's body, the coherence of his parts, being so strange and paradoxical, that I hold it to be the greatest miracle of nature; though when all is done I do not find she hath made it so much as proof against one disease, lest she should be thought to have made it no less than a prison to the soul.—*Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1859.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is FOUR DOLLARS! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

LECTURES.

During the past week, our citizens have been favored with lectures by a number of gentlemen, among whom were Henry Giles and Bayard Taylor.

The proceeds of Mr. Giles's lecture were in aid of the funds of the association for the relief of Indigent Children—a most deserving charity indeed. We may say, in passing, that any of our Philadelphia readers having a little loose cash to deposit in a bank which pays the best kind of interest, can enclose it to us for the benefit of the society referred to, and we will see it placed in the hands of the lady managers. But, to return to Mr. Giles's lecture. It was upon the Bronte family, and contained much thoughtful criticism upon the character and intellectual endowments of that gifted but eccentric household group. A little to the disappointment of his hearers, Mr. Giles was able to tell us nothing new relative to the history of the Brontes—but took the facts of their lives, as laid down in Mrs. Gaskill's biography, as the groundwork of his expositions and criticisms. Mr. Giles's comments upon the character and intellectual endowments of all the Brontes—except that black sheep, the son—were highly eulogistic; too much so, in our opinion, so far as the father was concerned. The lecturer regarded Charlotte as the bright, particular star of the family, and as the greatest female writer of fiction that England has produced.

Bayard Taylor's lecture was delivered before the "People's Literary Institute"—an association which by employing very popular lecturers, generally manages to obtain the best of houses. Mr. Taylor had a very large audience to hear his discourse upon Alexander Von Humboldt. It has always puzzled us a little to know in what Humboldt's greatness consisted—and we are not yet fully prepared to admit it, even after having heard Mr. Taylor's high eulogy upon the character and acquirements of the German philosopher. The lecturer was inclined to place Humboldt only second to Washington on the roll of fame—and certainly said much to show the wonderful memory, great learning, and noble sincerity of the man. But still the question comes up, what did he do that should entitle him to such high renown—what credentials has he to produce, that will enable him to take rank with Aristotle, or Plato, or Socrates, or Bacon, or Kepler, or Newton? What proof is there, in fact, that he was a great *original* thinker or doer—and not a mere great collector and arranger of other men's thoughts? If *we* were classing Humboldt, we should put him considerably below all the great names we have mentioned.

Mr. Taylor's lecture was written in that clear, simple, and elegant style which marks all his productions—and as to his delivery, which we have heard fault found with, we thought it by no means deficient. We did not perceive that his accents were wrong, and his emphasis misplaced, as a respected contemporary asserts of this very occasion. We were unfortunate enough to be on the very farthest extreme of the audience, and yet we heard every word of the lecture distinctly—showing that in one very important part of delivery, that of making yourself heard, Mr. Taylor is not the least deficient. And while we admit that there is room in his elocution for improvement, the faults of his delivery are so much more endurable than those which distinguish many gentlemen who consider themselves almost perfect in the art, that we would infinitely prefer that he should remain as he is, than run any risk of becoming one of those roaring, whispering "bulls of Bashan," who split your ears with the opening of every sentence, only to prevent more effectually your hearing the whispered tone of the conclusion. Of all speakers, these are the least to be tolerated—all others we can endure.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 159—Adults 78, and children 81.

THE CHINESE AGAIN.—Our correspondent in China sends us another interesting letter this week—all the way from that great city, so difficult of access, Pekin. To what he says in conclusion of the *Ko-tow*, we may add the following from the *China Mail*—an English paper published in China:—

A candid examination of the accounts given of the visit of Mr. Ward, the American Minister, to Pekin, will convince any intelligent person that, in regard to visiting the Emperor, the Chinese behaved throughout in a fair and open manner. In suggesting rather than proposing that Mr. Ward should perform the *ko-tow* in a modified manner, they only sounded him without committing themselves, as to what length he was prepared to go. In giving as their ultimatum that he should either bend on one knee, or touch the ground with his finger, they made no excessive demand, and based it on the Western practices of kissing the Pope's toe, and of kneeling to the Queen when knighthood is conferred. The Chinese have no idea of a Plenipotentiary having a claim to the same respect as would be given to the ruler by whom he is accredited. Indeed, the sacred position of the Emperor necessarily forbids that any individual should receive his honors. In going so far, then, as to offer to dispense with the usual ceremonies, and only to insist on those which they firmly believed were not inconsonant with European ideas, the Chinese made an immense advance, and displayed a desire to meet the Western powers, which stands strongly in contrast with the impatient, uncompromising and cruel conduct of the English and French Ministers.

The more enlightened of the Chinese statesmen were prepared to go even farther. The Imperial Commissioners proposed the very Chinese-like plan that Mr. Ward should, on entering the presence of the Emperor, bend in the Western manner, and that then the Chamberlains should say to him, "Don't kneel." Unfortunately, this ingenious proposal was negatived by a majority of the Council, on the ground that kneeling on the knee was quite in accordance with Western ideas; but the mere fact of its being proposed and nearly carried goes far to prove that the Chinese were not desirous to ignore that clause of the new treaties which allows foreign Ministers to visit the Emperor, but were only anxious to carry it out in the way least destructive to the Emperor's dignity, and to his authority over his own subjects.

In relation to the obeisance required, Mr. Ward's *ultimatum* was to bow nine times—but the Chinese would not agree to this, and so the American Minister did not see the Emperor, and cannot, therefore, inform the good people of these States, how much resemblance "the brother of the Sun and Moon" bears to his kindred. Considering all things—especially the aid given by our Ambassador to the English at the battle of the Pei-Ho river—we are not able to see but that the Chinese have behaved as well as could be expected.

"ROUGHS" EMPLOYED AT ENGLISH ELECTIONS.—It appears, according to developments in regard to the recent Parliamentry election in England, that New York and Baltimore are not alone in the employment of "roughs" as a portion of the election machinery. It was testified to before a committee that the number of "roughs" employed by the *Conservatives* during the Wakefield (England) election commenced with eighteen and ended with six hundred. The Liberals, it was stated, engaged more men—three to one. Each side set forth that they hired the men to protect their friends, but it is also stated that the house of every Conservative was marked with a cross, and, of course, scenes of violence followed. In this borough a shoemaker and his son were offered $300 for their votes.

We think if the above paragraph could be extensively circulated through the large Atlantic cities, it might have a very excellent effect in creating an emigration of a certain class of our population to the British ports. If there be such a demand for "*Roughs*" at the English elections, and as Englishmen probably pay pounds sterling where our politicians only pay dollars, we should think it would clearly be to the advantage of the American "*Roughs*" to emigrate *en masse*. And then think of $300 being offered for two votes—Englishmen evidently appreciate the value of the elective franchise! Why, the same amount this side of the water—used in ballot-box stuffing—would probably be expected to produce from one hundred to five hundred votes for the "generous" party. England is the country for the "Roughs" after all—indeed it is, gentlemen. Stand not therefore upon the order of your going, but go at once, or at least as soon as the New York city election is over.

FLORENCE PERCY has gone abroad, in company with Mrs. Paulina W. Davis, of Providence, and Mr. Paul Akers, the sculptor. She designs continuing her poetical contributions to THE POST during her absence. Many of our readers will wish her a pleasant passage, a happy sojourn in European lands, and a safe return. She left in the packet ship Mercury for Havre.

☞ SMALL FAMILIES.—"Malthus" writes us in great concern of mind, to know what is meant by the sign which he sees in various parts of the city: "*Families supplied by the quart.*"—*Saturday Press.*

☞ There are women who are powerful by the tone of their voices alone. They touch and move the heart, and we love them before even thinking of looking at them.—*Saint Prosper.*

☞ Of Christian moderation in complexion, the law is laid down. The Queen of James the Second asked her confessor if she might not paint. "Certainly," said the good man, "but not to excess; only on one cheek!"

☞ There is something highly original in the notion of celestial mechanics entertained by an honest Scottish lass regarding the theory of comets. Having occasion to go out after dark, and having observed the brilliant comet of last year (1858), she ran in with breathless haste to the house, calling on her fellow-servants to "Come oot and see a new star that hasna got its tail cuttit aff yet!" Exquisite astronomical speculation! Stars, like puppies, are born with tails, and in due time have them docked.—*Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.*

☞ A ruler who appoints any man to an office, when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God, and against the State.—*The Koran.*

☞ The harmony and happiness of life, in man or woman, consists in our finding in our vocations the employment of our highest faculties, and of as many of them as can be brought into action.—*Mrs. Jamaica.*

☞ THE UNIVERSAL LOVE.—The love that every one has for his own joke.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PEI-KING, Aug. 10th, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—It is now two weeks since I entered this place as one of the suite of our Minister, and we are to leave it to-morrow upon our return to the Powhatan.

I had hoped to have seen a great deal that was both new and interesting during this stay, but have been greatly disppointed. We were brought here, lodged in a large and airy one-story house, surrounded by a high brick wall, and are now to be taken out again to-morrow by the same path that we entered. Having been confined to our quarters the whole time, I can of course speak only of what we saw along our path. Once, indeed, I had made up my mind to climb to the top of our prison, and strive for a bird's-eye view of Pei-King, but before doing so, the movement was anticipated by some of my brother officers, and the Chinese made such a fuss about it that the Minister begged that it might not be attempted again. How do you suppose they made this fuss, and what do you suppose was the objection urged? They went formally to the Chief Interpreter—who, by the way, was a Missionary, and one of the offenders—and complained that early that morning some of our party had been seen upon the top of the house looking over the city with a spy-glass, and that such things were very wrong, and against all Chinese customs. "The women about here," they continued, "unaware of there being eyes in the sky looking down upon them, might expose their persons, and thus be brought to shame." Heard ever any one of such a far-fetched objection?

In contrast with the foregoing indicative of the bashfulness (?) of the women, let me mention something equally indicative of the total depravity and absence of truth upon the part of the men. They had exhausted everything like artful argument to induce Mr. Ward to go down upon his knees, when presented to the Emperor, and failing to influence him in that way, finally threw off the mask boldly, and spoke as follows—*in these very words*—

"If you will go down upon your knees to the Emperor, we, his Ministers, will give you a written instrument, swearing that you only *bowed* as is indicated by your own letter." Now, Mr. Editor, these are your "poor Chinese"—what think you of their morality now? What think you of the sincerity, not to say *morality*, of men who are afraid to let foreign eyes rest upon their women, and yet who at the same time deliberately *offer* to swear to a lie? At length I confess to a prejudice (?) against the Chinese—I believe candidly, that nine of them out of ten *naturally prefer lying* to telling the truth, and consequently, distrust them in everything. I believe rascality to be the natural aim of a Chinaman, and honest men—I have heard of but one so far—to be the exceptions. What a sad conviction when we consider that they constitute quite one-third of the population of the globe.

We left the Powhatan on the 19th ult., and got here on the 27th, having passed over about one hundred and eighty or ninety miles during the passage. This was not in a straight line of course, for Pei-king is not more than eighty miles direct from the sea, but as most of the distance was accomplished by water, we had to follow the bends of the Pei-Ho River. The first two days we travelled forty-five miles, over a muddy plain, struck the Pei-Ho above Tein-king, followed it for five days a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, and at that point reached a large city called Toong-Chan, where our river navigation ended, and where we tied up for the night. The next morning we were up bright and early, hoping to accomplish the twelve miles that separated us from this place before the sun got hot, but though, after a week's experience, we had no correct idea of Chinese laziness and procrastination, the result of which was that we did not get into our carts until nearly eight o'clock. Then the road was so bad, and we were stopped along it so often to drink tea, that it was near sunset before we found ourselves comfortably lodged in our present quarters. I am going to enlarge upon these quarters, and thus give you an idea of a Chinese private residence of the No. 1 order before long. In the meantime I want to tell you of one of the few bright things that crossed our path between the sea and this.

Our escort numbered something like three or four hundred souls altogether, twenty or thirty of whom were Mandarins of different grades. Our own party was limited to twenty, that being the number specified by the late treaty. One of these Mandarins (the third in rank among the party) soon became a great favorite. His name was Master Li, and he was perhaps forty years old. He was in good keeping, was blessed with a constant flow of good humor, and was particularly active in adding to our comfort. We were always glad to see master Li, though even he *would lie*—making positive promises without the most remote idea of ever fulfilling them. During one of his visits, Master Li remarked—

"The Powhatan is a very fine looking ship. Ha! ha! ha!"

He always laughed thrice after a remark.

"How do you know, Master Li? You have never seen her, have you?"

"Oh, yes! The day of the late battle I was on board of Mr. Bruce's (English Minister) ship, and passed yours as I returned. Ha! ha! ha!"

"What! You were not that brave Mandarin who so generously stopped forward when others fell back, and risked your head to get a communication to Mr. Bruce, in hopes of averting the battle?"

"Ah! what is this that I hear? You call it brave. I believe you my friends. Ha! ha! ha! There were not many willing to do the same thing, but at the same time I deserve no credit for it. I am very humble, too low in rank to do anything fine. Ha! ha! ha! You see this was the way of it all. The officer in command of this region, anxious to avoid the battle *upon account of the great number of English that would necessarily fall*, (Master Li did not blush at this falsehood,) looked around for some messenger upon whom he could *depend without a doubt*. Seeing that he was not likely to succeed soon, I made up my mind to undertake the business myself, and so forgetting my wife and children, and looking only at the service to be rendered to the cause of humanity, I made the offer and was forthwith accepted. The communication with which I was entrusted, asked Mr. Bruce to come to a port farther north with a portion of his force, and there await the arrival of Kwei-Liang (the Prime Minister,) from Shanghea, who was expected in about a month, after which consultations might result, that would do away with the necessity of fighting. The port spoken of, was the same at which you landed. Ha! ha! ha! In addition to this letter, I was armed with a large present in the shape of pigs, sheep, poultry, eggs, fruit, &c., &c., all of which I shipped on board of a junk, and set sail for the English fleet, distant fifteen or twenty miles. You know you were all anchored near each other, and the Powhatan being the largest ship, I at first steered for her, thinking it was Mr. Bruce's. But when near enough I discovered my mistake by the flags, and changed my course for the largest ship flying an English flag. I anchored near her and awaited the arrival of a boat from her. In the meantime came a boat from the French ship, but as they could neither speak to me or I to them, we did not make much progress. Finally I sent my own miserable boat to the English ships to tell them of my arrival, and in the meantime the Frenchmen made themselves at home among the baskets of fruits. In vain I tried to explain to them that they were for Mr. Bruce—they ate as many as they could, and then got ready to shove off. Seeing that my boat did not return, and fearing every moment that the attack upon the forts would commence and render useless all my trouble, I made signs to them that I wished to go on board the large ship. They took me in their boat, but either through mistake or intention, and against all that I could do, commenced carrying me on board of their own vessel. Fortunately one of my men, who was was on board of the English ship, saw what they were doing, and told the officers, who hailed them to carry me alongside. Arrived there, my men looked over the gangway and told me not to come on board, that I would only expose myself to neglect. I however, determined to do what I regarded as my duty, and had just got on deck when the guns commenced firing on shore. Knowing then that it was too late to accomplish anything, I hurried back to my junk and returned. Ha! ha! ha! It was a very difficult business. At one time I thought the Frenchmen were going to cut my head off, but I did not tremble. Ha! ha! ha! Why should I?"

The foregoing conduct of Master Li is the "bright thing" spoken of, it evidently indicating something like courage, and yet it will be seen from his own account that Master Li is something of a gas bag, and very much of a braggart. In China, however, most brave men are braggarts, though the reverse does not hold good—this results from a national disposition to create mountains out of mole hills.

Now let me give you an idea of a Chinese first-class private residence—in short—of the quarters in which we have been shut up for the last two weeks. In the first place, a piece of ground, two hundred and fifteen feet square *is surrounded* by a brick wall eighteen inches thick, and ten feet high; it has but one entrance, and that is of stone and guarded by a double door. Passing through this double door, at which is stationed a guard of soldiers—scarecrows—commanded by a very unwarlike looking Mandarin, we enter upon an oblong court, bounded upon three sides by three one-story detached brick houses, and upon the other by a section of the ten foot wall. Over this court, and elevated several feet above the tiled roofs of the houses, is spread a tented awning over bamboo poles. When the sun is vertical, or nearly so, this matting intercepts its rays; when it becomes harmless, it is rolled back by lines so as to encourage a free circulation of air. The Chinese are very happy in arrangements of this nature, adding greatly to their comforts, at little labor and less cost. Passing through this court, and the house back of it, you come to a second court and surrounding houses, and again to a third. Then upon the sides are other courts and houses all flagged with square slabs of burnt brick and protected by the movable awnings. Trees growing here and there, outhouses, and a well of water at 59 degrees of Farenheit, complete the picture. Altogether, there are eleven houses, containing twenty-eight rooms, five courts, and ten or fifteen trees—decidedly the *coolest* place that we have been in for some time.

Let us now leave the outside, and see what there is inside. We find five large rooms, floors paved with flags, walls plastered and then papered, windows in profusion, platforms of masonry here and there, upon which to spread beds, square and highly polished tables, arm chairs, spittoons, and footstools; the flag flooring being covered by a half inch or more of hard mud, we beg them to spread some mats for us, and an hour later this is done. Clean mats also spread over the frameworks of masonry, show us nice places to spread our beds, and with a hammer and tacks we soon get up our musquito nets, and begin to feel at home. Looking *under our beds* we for the first time see something that looks like a furnace, and upon inquiry, learn that it is there that they build fires in winter to warm the house—singular idea! Going to the kitchen we see everything being unpacked, and a very solid dinner under way—cooked by our own cooks, and, in the hall, our own boys, table cloths and crockery, getting ready for said dinner. We rub our hands, and feel at peace "with all the world and the rest of mankind." After dinner, a Manilla cigar, rubber of whist, prayers, and a hard bed. Thus ended our first day in Pei-king.

Now let me tell you something of "what we saw along our path," which is all that I have to tell you about Pei-king.

As we approached within a mile or two of the walls of the outer city, the suburbs began to increase greatly in thickness, and the people along the road to be converted from crowds into masses. The houses between which we passed before reaching the outer wall, were quite new and imposing in comparison with those which we encountered upon passing through the gate, and the general appearance of "things suburban" was greatly superior

to that inside; but after all, these suburban houses even, were very rarely of more than one story. Brick houses, fancifully decorated.

Passing a bend in the street, we came suddenly upon Pei-king, surmounted by a towering bastion, showing forty-eight ports for ordnance. From this point we could see no gate, however, but it subsequently proved to be around an angle of the wall. The view afforded by this sixty feet high wall, and the massive fortification, towering more than a hundred feet higher still, was not wanting in grandeur; and in fact raised our expectations of what we should see behind it *entirely* too high. We have seen nothing but a continuation of the crowd, a great deal of dirt and filth, and any number of shaky-looking one story houses. The Minister and three others who penetrated to the very centre of the "outer city," report nothing more promising, and we have pretty well concluded that the reason why these people do not wish to see foreigners in their Capital, is because it is so nearly in ruins. The Minister reports that he could (when riding to his interview,) look through a gate upon which was marked "the Gate of Earthly Repose," and to an artificial hill, gardens, trees, summer-houses, lakes, flower-grounds, &c., and that these were said to be the grounds surrounding the Imperial residence, but though there was much that was pretty in the view, the same appearance of age and dilapidation seemed to prevail there as everywhere else. Though said to contain a population of 15,000,000 (Pei-king and the country within a circle of twelve miles), it is evidently a greatly overrated part of the world. My impression is, too, that it is also a very poverty-stricken city. No city can prosper where the tradesmen are subject to an irregular tax—such as the following, for example: We were not allowed to pay the expenses of the Legation, the Government insisting upon doing that, as we were its "guests." Well, how do you suppose they got the necessary money? They sent an order to the "ward" in which our residence was located, ordering the inhabitants of that particular portion of the city to meet all demands. This I afterward learned to be the Chinese fashion.

You of course know that our object in coming here was to exchange treaties, but now they refuse to do that, and to-morrow we are to return to the sea coast, to effect it there. Can you believe it? they wished our Minister to go upon his knees, and to strike his forehead nine times before the Emperor—to perform "the ko-tow."

THE PRICE OF A KISS.—We translate from the Courrier des Etats Unis, of November 22, the following little speculation, truly French, which means, light, witty and amusing:

"What is the legal price of a kiss, when the parties have agreed on no sum by previous contract? Seven years since we remember a magistrate at Louisville, Ky., condemned a young fellow to pay a married lady $5 damages for a kiss he had taken. As it is not to be imagined that kissing is cheaper in Kentucky than in New York, we must believe that the valuation of the Louisville magistrate was so low, only because the kiss was taken in an adroit and delicate manner. James Sutherland, of New York, would have come off equally well, if he had shown himself equally expert with the Kentucky gallant. But having attempted to snatch a kiss from Mrs. Bolman, No. 17 James street, in the absence of her husband, he performed his task in a manner so rude, green and awkward, that the lady, justly indignant, made complaint before Justice Voorhies. The Justice, after hearing all the pros and cons, condemned the defendant to pay the fair plaintiff $20, by way of compensation. Thus by the latest decisions, the following are the legal prices of this delicious article. The kissing of a married lady, if adroitly managed, $5; if awkwardly, $20. With regard to the kisses of young ladies, as they are not quoted, we infer that the most experienced magistrates consider them beyond all price."

TRADITIONS OF MRS. WASHINGTON.—There are those still living here who are able to speak from their personal recollections of "Mary, the mother of Washington." A venerable lady with whom I have been talking, tells me that she can distinctly recall her short, rather thick-set figure, and her peculiar round straw hat and red cloak, as in her childhood she was accustomed to see the old lady stirring around the neighborhood. The traditions are that she was not remarkable for amenities of character, but rather for method and order, strict household government, and decision of purpose. To these characteristics her immortal son was doubtless indebted for his admirable system in all his pursuits, and for his inflexible endurance and determination. It is generally understood that she did not sympathize in his revolutionary ideas, thinking that he would have done much better to have attended to his surveying, than to be pitting himself against the venerated and all-powerful mother country.

STREET LOCOMOTIVE CAR.—A new style of car has been made for one of the city railroads in Chicago. The car has the outward appearance of a passenger car, but is really a locomotive and passenger car combined. The car has eight wheels, the four of one truck being somewhat heavier than the others to support the boiler, engine, &c. The machinery is enclosed at one end of the car—a fine boiler with two small chimneys. The cylinders are small, and are suspended under the car horizontally, and outside of the wheels; the construction of the machine is quite simple, yet it is said to be effectual. This method is adopted to avoid the use of common locomotives, which frighten horses. The passenger part of the car will seat fifty persons or more, and it is designed to attach another car to this when required. The machine cost only $4,000, and it will run four miles per hour, or rather, that is the speed allowed by the city authorities of Chicago, where it will be used.

NOBLE LITTLE GIRL.—The Warrenton, (S. C.,) Flag contains the account of the death of a little girl of eight or nine years, from burning. In the absence all who were older than herself her clothes caught on fire. She sent a younger sister after assistance, and when the neighbors arrived they found she had left the house and was lying, dreadfully burned, in the back yard. When asked what she was doing there, she replied she was afraid "the house might catch fire and the baby burn too" if she stayed in it, and had therefore run out in the open air. She retained all her faculties to the last, conversed freely, and bore her sufferings with a degree of fortitude truly remarkable for one of her age. Such presence of mind as is here chronicled, would not discredit one of more advanced years.

A COMMUNICATION from Prague, states that a religious movement appears to be arising in Bohemia. The inhabitants of whole villages, it states, are embracing Protestantism—probably to escape the application of the concordat.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

ABSENT FRIENDS—THE POWERS OF THE AIR—THE MARSHAL AND THE MOON—BURIED TREASURE—A SEARCH FOR A WILL—A NEW FABRIC—WHERE FLOWERS COME FROM—THE LATEST THEORY—THE CRYING EVIL—A SUCCESSFUL QUACK.

PARIS, Nov. 3, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The custom of visiting the tombs of friends on the first and second days of this month, at once the "fete of the dead" and the "fete of all the saints," has never, it is said, drawn such crowds of people to the Paris burying-grounds as this year; the roads leading to the three great suburban grave yards, of Pere Lachaise, Montmarte, and Mont Parnasse—presenting the appearance of an incessant procession. People dressed, almost entirely, in black, and laden with crosses, garlands and pots of flowers, and wreaths of "immortelles," to place on the resting places of the mortal remains of those who "are gone before." A touching and amiable custom, and one which seems to be gaining ground in this country, old though it be. After going to the grave yards, the people go to the churches, where masses are said for the dead, and which have also been attended by unusual numbers.

The weather has been most unfavorable to the pilgrimages in question, as the terrific gales of the last week have been doing their best to sweep Paris away bodily; though, of course, we have only here been battered about by winds that have spent their greatest fury at sea. But judging from the rage of the elements as they have swept over the domes and chimney-pots of this inland metropolis, tearing trees up by the roots, blowing down tiles and shutters, and in towns nearer the sea, blowing the houses about with such fury as actually to set the furniture in them a rocking. We may expect the list of this autumn's disasters, already heavier than has been known for twenty years, to have been frightfully increased by the violent tempests since the date of my last. It must be conceded, even by people of no very enthusiastic temper, that meteorological science demands, and would probably repay, much more attention than has hitherto been given to it; for these extreme vicissitudes of the weather, with the maladies, the loss of ships, with their hundreds of passengers, and valuable cargoes, surely ought to be either preventible, or susceptible of being foreseen, so as to enable us to avoid the horrors and losses thus brought upon us.

Although the over-wise are apt to laugh at the idea of there being any truth in the notion that the moon has anything to do with the weather, or that any foresight of elemental caprices can be gained through the study of the "signs" to which farmers and sailors are so generally addicted, it is certain that many persons are thus enabled to form very useful guesses on the subject. Thus, for instance, the late Marshal Bugeaud, when only a captain during the Spanish campaign, under Napoleon I., once read in a manuscript that chanced to fall into his hands, that, from observations made in England and Florence during a period of fifty years, the following law respecting the weather had been found to hold true. Eleven times out of twelve, the weather remains the same during the whole lunar month as it is on the fifth day, if it continues unchanged over the sixth day; and nine times out of twelve, like the fourth day, if the sixth resembles the fourth. From 1815 to 1830, M. Bugeaud devoted his attention to agriculture; and, guided by the law just mentioned, avoided the losses at hay time and the vintage which befel many of his neighbors. When Governor of Algeria, he never entered on a campaign till after the sixth day of the moon. His neighbors at Excideuil, and his lieutenants in Algeria, would exclaim, "How lucky he is in the weather!" What they regarded as mere chance was the result of observation. In counting the fourth and sixth days, he was particular in beginning from the exact time of the new moon, and added three-quarters of an hour for each day, for the greater length of the lunar, as compared with the solar, day. The verification of this rule might not be unworthy the attention of the numerous observers of the weather on your side of the water, whose zeal in making observations on the state of the weather might serve as a useful rebuke to the apathy so generally felt on the matter by private individuals over here.

The heaps of treasure that our new lying at the bottom of the ocean—sent thither by just such raging winds as are threatening to bring down the roof over my head as I write—have often tempted the cupidity of ingenious schemers for their raising; but it has probably been reserved for the scientific audacity of our own day to think of ransacking the bed of the sea in search of a missing will, as a young Englishman, who has just passed through this city, is about to do. This gentleman, Mr. Edward Egerton, and a nephew of the late Sir Robert Peel, is gone to Grasse, on the coast of the Mediterranean, on the singular errand above alluded to. He is said to have been occupied for several years in procuring the information necessary to enable him to discover a will made by one of his uncles, leaving him a fortune estimated at thirty-two millions, part of this fortune consisting of thirty houses in London, and an entire street in Edinboro'. This will, after the death of the testator, could not be found, and all attempts to discover it were fruitless. In August last, the Rev. Mr. Himmel, a Roman Catholic priest, of Dublin, received in confession, a declaration to the following effect:—The opulent testator some time ago, sailed for Italy in the *Ville de Grasse*, a steamer which was sunk near the Islands of Hyeres, off the south of France. All his effects, and papers were lost, but he himself was saved; he was, however, attacked with rheumatism, and having had to stop at Nice, died there. Just before his death, he made his secretary write to his nephew, to beg him to come to him in all haste; but the secretary, supposing that he would make a new will in favor of the nephew, and having a spite against the latter, did not send the letter. When he made this confession, the ex-secretary was on his death bed; and he besought the priest to do what he could to repair the wrong. Mr. Egerton is now endeavoring to obtain, at Grasse or Cannes, information as to the precise spot where the steamer in question went down. He hopes that the trunks of his deceased uncle may still be intact, and that in one of them he may find the will. It is said that a company is being organized in London to assist him in getting up the vessel. He has consented to advance £20,000 in English money towards the expenses, and to give £200,000 out of his inheritance, if he will be found at the bottom of the sea. In the lost vessel were large sums of money, and other articles, belonging to other persons, and the question has arisen whether the English company will have the right to retain all the wealth it may fish up.

While the disappointed heir of so colossal a fortune is ransacking the bed of the ocean for the precious document that is supposed to be lying there, the desire of wealth is stimulating the inventive spirit even in Russia, hitherto so torpidly careless of her vast internal resources. Certain German manufactories have been for some time past engaged in weaving a kind of vegetable wool which they call *forest-wool*, and which is prepared from the leaves of the *Pinus Sylvestris*, or Scotch fir. The process being kept secret by the inventor, Professor Kittary, of the University of Razan, prompted by the reflection that Russia abounds in firtrees, and that such an invention would consequently be highly valuable in that country, has been experimenting on the subject, and has at last succeeded in discovering a process yielding a substance superior to that produced in Germany. It is the epidermis of the leaves that yields the wool; hence the first object is to eliminate all the other parts. For this purpose, the fresh twigs are exposed to the action of steam in an alembic, by which means a quantity of essential oil is first obtained. The leaves are then easily separated from the twigs; they are then macerated for the space of four hours in about twenty-five times their weight of caustic lye, marking from five to six degrees of Beaume's Areometer; after which they are washed, and put into a cylinder not unlike that which is used in the manufacture of paper. The metallic blades of this machine, which are provided with teeth like a saw, tear the leaves into shreds; at each extremity of the turning cylinder there is a vertical sheet of wire-gauze through which the water and pulp of the leaves escape during the rotary motion, the wool remaining behind. This operation is repeated in a second cylinder having a larger number of blades with finer teeth. The wool obtained is then dried in a centrifugal machine; its primitive color is greyish brown, but it may be reduced to almost perfect whiteness by chloride of lime. The essential oil of the leaves has a peculiarly agreeable smell, differing greatly from that of turpentine, and being most probably a variety of camphene, its equivalents being 29 of carbon, and 16 of hydrogen. By evaporation of the alkaline lye an extract is obtained possessing medicinal qualities.

Vegetable wax, as every one knows, is already becoming an important article of commerce, and promises to be supplied in large quantities by the tribes of central and eastern Africa, whom Dr. Livingstone is so perseveringly trying to bring within the scope of civilized commercial activity; the British army contractors, Messrs. Spills, have invented an admirable "vegetable leather," which is understood to be coming largely into use for leggings, in the British army; and now the world is to be blessed with vegetable flannel! It is probable that we are as yet only on the threshold of nature's treasury, and that we have but to go on seeking for new and valuable substances to find them in profusion. As for the plants which are now so common that we look on their presence as a mere matter of course, many of them have been introduced to European society at comparatively recent periods. For instance, the Bengal rose, now so common in France, only dates from the last century; the moss-rose, from 1727; the rose-pompon, was discovered in the Swiss mountains in 1735; the Damascus rose ranunculus were brought from the East by Saint-Louis; the lilac came from Persia three hundred years ago; the first acacia seen in Europe, still exists in the Garden of Plants, where it was planted 1635; the Indian chestnut dates from the same period; the plantain was brought here less than two hundred and fifty years ago; the elm was unknown before the sixteenth century; lettuces, melons, artichokes, and pinks were brought from Italy by Rabelais; the China-aster is not sixty years old, and dahlias are still more recent; tulips only became known at the commencement of the seventeenth century; and mignonette was brought from Egypt and Barbary only a hundred years ago.

Physicians here—in view of a probable return of cholera—are awaiting with much interest farther enlightenment on the subject of the new theory of that terrible malady, lately put forth by Dr. Martin Konigsberger, a German physician, who, during a thirty-five year's residence in the East, has made it his almost exclusive study, and has arrived at the conclusion that it is occasioned by the absorption of atmospheric animalculæ, invisible to the naked eye, and inhaled into the lungs, whence they distribute themselves throughout the whole system, corrupting the blood, and poisoning the fountains of life. Dr. Konigsberger accordingly combats the enemy with quasia, known to be fatal to insect life; administering the remedy under the form of vaccination, which arrests instantaneously the decomposition of the blood, the patient being cured as if by magic. It appears that, during the raging of the disease at Mecklenburg, the doctor used this remedy with the most brilliant success. The accounts of his labors at Hamburg have not yet reached Paris; but the great medical celebrities here appear for once to admit that there may be other medical systems in the world as worthy of attention as their own. To judge by the activity of the medical world in the investigation of disease, and the search for new and better remedies, one would think that the ravages of disease ought soon to be put an end to; but, unfortunately, such a consummation seems very far off. And how, indeed, should it be otherwise when not only our habits of life are so far removed from the dictates of nature and common sense, but the very air we breathe is filled with impure and morbific particles, and every article of our food and drink is more or less falsified by the fraudulent ingenuity which is one of the most prolific causes of modern disease? A case has just been tried here which has created much interest as showing how almost impossible it is to procure a really wholesome wine.

It appears that the custom of "plastering wine," during its fermentation, has been in vogue in the wine districts of France since time immemorial; though the question of its effects on the wine so treated has long been a subject of discussion. Common building plaster, put into the wine, must, at a certain stage of its working, diminish the proportion of acidulous tartrate of potash it contains. Common plaster being an impure sulphate of lime, mixed with carbonate of lime, the latter saturates the acid, and the former, being then in contact with the neutral tartrate of potash, exchanges bases; a tartrate of lime is formed which is precipitated to the bottom, and the sulphate of potash produced is dissolved by the wine. Some time since a local tribunal fined an agriculturist *for adulterating* his wine with plaster; the matter was brought before the Court of Montpellier, which caused a report to be drawn up by the chemists Berard, Conves, and Chancel. These gentlemen reported that plaster did not impart any noxious quality to the wine; whereupon that Court quashed the sentence pronounced by the lower tribunal. But in a new trial of a similar nature, Messrs. Bouchardat, Payen, and Barral, whose decision as chemists carries very great weight, having been summoned to give their opinion, state that, although the wine does not contract any noxious quality from the plaster, still the latter so far changes its nature, that it is not to be sold as *natural*, but as *plastered* wine. They state that plaster tends to substitute sulphate of potash, a bitter and purgative salt, for bitartrate of potash and certain phosphates which are usefully assimilated; that there is reason to suppose that plastered wine is not so wholesome as natural wine, and that, therefore, when plastered wine is sold as natural wine, there is deceit. Despite, however, the opinion of three illustrious chemists, the Minister of War, being unable to find unplastered wine for the troops, has admitted the plastered sorts; but has fixed a *maximum* of four grammes of sulphate of potash per litre; wine containing a larger quantity being rejected.

It is not surprising that with every article of diet adulterated, disease should be the rule, and even tolerable health the exception, that the science and assiduity of physicians should remain comparatively powerless, and that the venders of quack medicines should thrive as they do. A conclusion which reminds me that three apothecaries of Valladolid have, after much research, discovered that the famous Holloway's Pills are composed as follows:—Socotrine aloes, 4 grains; rhubarb, 1.70; pepper, 0.45; saffron, 0.20; sulphate of soda, 0.20; to be made into 144 pills; yet this by no means remarkable mixture, with the aid of gigantic puffing on the part of the inventor, and of equally gigantic power of swallowing (mental and physical) on the part of a dyspeptic public, has already enabled the maker of the said pills to pocket the pleasant little sum of two millions of dollars! QUANTUM.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—A proposition will be submitted to Congress at its ensuing session, backed by the unanimous approval of the Legislature of New Hampshire, having for its object the establishment of a uniform system of Weights and Measures, based upon the decimal principle so happily imbedded in our currency. In other words, Congress will be asked to establish a unit of Weight—the existing pound avoirdupois, for instance—and another of Measure—the present Pint, Quart or Gallon, if that be deemed advisable—with divisions into tenths and hundredths, and corresponding measures or names for quantities ten, one hundred, and one thousand times the unit. Thus, instead of our present artificial and perplexing scale of measures, we would have one substantially like this:

10 lines, 1 inch: 10 inches, 1 foot:
10 feet, 1 rod: 10 rods, 1 rood:
10 roods, 1 mile: 10 miles, 1 league:

with names expressive, or at least indicative, of the extent expressed by each. So with Weight: the new scale would be after this fashion:

10 grains, 1 scruple: 10 scruples, 1 drachm:
10 drachms, 1 ounce: 10 ounces, 1 pound:
10 pounds, 1 stone: 10 stones, 1 hundred:
10 hundreds, 1 ton,

with names of the several measures as much more fit and expressive as may be.

THE LOCKJAW CAN BE CURED.—An experiment, which has just taken place in one of the Paris hospitals, appears to establish conclusively that lockjaw can be cured by means of the curare poison. A young man, twenty-four years of age, having had one of his toes carried off by a musket shot, considerable injury having at the same time been inflicted on the adjoining ones by the projectile, was seized with lockjaw four days after the accident. Dr. Chassaignac (who supplies this account of the case) was called in, when the patient was already far gone. A potion, consisting of 120 grammes of tea, with 10 centigrammes of curare, was administered in the dose of one tablespoonful per hour; at the same time the wound, which was much jagged, and emitting a fetid pus, was moistened with a solution of 20 centigrammes (4 grains) of curare in 200 grammes of distilled water. Bottles of warm water were put into the patient's bed. The first spoonful of the potion produced some effect at the end of an hour, and as the treatment went on so did the state of the patient improve. The solution of curare used for the local application was gradually strengthened to 30, and at length to 40 centigrammes of the poison; its proportion in the potion was also increased to 16, and then to 25 centigrammes. At the end of 6 days the patient was out of danger.

KILL YOUR FISH.—A Frenchman, who has recently visited Holland to inspect their fisheries, says, in speaking of them, that being surprised at the difference of Dutch fish, both fresh and salted, sea and fresh water fish, to French fish, the former being superior to the latter both in firmness and flavor, he was at the pains of inquiring into the causes which produced this difference. He discovered that it was no accident, but was the result of a simple operation. The Dutch *kill* their fish the moment they are taken out of the water, whereas most persons, the French among them, allow fish to expire after enduring the torments of a long agony, which acts upon fish precisely as disease would act; softening the flesh and infecting them with principles of dissolution. Nobody eats chickens or sheep which die by disease; why should we eat fish that die by langnor?

MISS ANNA NICHOLSON, of this city, daughter of Mr. Lindsey Nicholson, a member of the Society of Friends, died recently from taking morphine, which had been sent her for quinine from a druggists.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

According to the Paris correspondent of the London Times, the China expedition was rapidly gaining favor in both services in France. The total effectiveness of the French corps *d'armee*, it is now stated will amount to 20,000 men, and they are not expected to reach China before April or May next.

The nine hours' movement in London has ended. It is announced that a conference of the Building Trades, after having carefully considered their position, have determined to withdraw from the strike.

The Times' city article in showing the prevalent feeling in France on the question of a war with England, quotes as the chief authority for its opinions, from a respectable French Review, published in London, in which it is stated that in France the prospect of a war with England is incessantly discussed in the high places of power, in the public offices, in the army, in the navy, among the working classes and men of business. The army is reported to be unanimous for war. In the navy the desire for it amounts to frenzy. The church is as eager as either the army or the navy. The conclusions drawn are, that in a war with England, the French Empire has the power of satisfying the army and navy, gratifying the clergy, bringing over the legitimists, and securing the suffrages of a united people.

The Prince of Wales's 18th birthday was celebrated on the 9th of November. He is now fully qualified to ascend the throne as King in the event of a vacancy occurring.

The Times' Paris correspondent says the election of Prince Carignan to the Regency of Parma and Tuscany was received in Paris with extreme displeasure. The Piedmontese government having been requested from Paris to restrain the impetuous spirit of the Italian patriots, declared that it could not be responsible for the acts of populations over which the King was not permitted to exercise even a temporary control.

It is stated that the French government had received assurances that the Pope was only waiting for an opportune moment to publish certain reforms by which the government of the clergy would be replaced by a government generally composed of the laity, which would give to the country better guarantees for the administration of justice, and for the control of the public money, by means of an Assembly elected by the people.

Prices of cotton had declined 1-16d@d. The common and sandy qualities were more freely bought, owing to the scarcity and high prices of the desirable cottons.

BREADSTUFFS.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., report flour quiet, but firm; holders asking an advance of 1s per bbl. Wheat firm, and 4d@d per cental dearer. Holders offered a better choice at the advance. Indian corn very firm at an advance of 1s@1s 6d per quarter.

THE VINTAGE OF 1859.—We have been shown to-day a letter from one of the most respectable wine merchants in Europe to a correspondent engaged in the same trade here, from which we learn that the vintage of Port was never so short as during the present year, while Sherry is only about one quarter the usual vintage. It cannot be told of what quality the wine will be.—*N. Y. Evening Post, Nov.* 26.

BERLIN, Nov. 8.—It is stated on reliable authority that, at the interview held at Breslau, the Emperor of Russia and the Prince Regent of Prussia have determined not to consent to a revision of the treaties of 1815, nor to take any part in any Congress in which England would not be represented, the last resolution being proposed by Prussia.

The London Times editorially criticises the Great Eastern, and throws great doubts on her being able to fulfill all that has been promised for her. The vessel is pronounced defective in propelling power.

The official correspondence between England and Spain is published in the London Gazette. Spain declares that she will not continue to hold Tangiers, or any part of the Morocco coast that will give her a superiority that would be dangerous to the navigation of the Straits, after a treaty of peace is signed.

☞ THE BEGINNING OF THE END.—Not long ago a bridegroom returning home from his wedding was met by a friend, who thus addressed him:—"Well, Jack, I'm glad to see thee in thy happy position; thou'st seen the end of thy trubble now." "Thank thee, lad," was Jack's answer, "I hope I have." About a month afterwards the two friends again met, when Jack, speaking rather warmly, exclaimed, "Bill, thou telled me a lie that morning I got wed! Didn't thou say I'd seen th' end of my trouble?" "I did," said Bill: "but I didn't tell thee *which* end."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

☞ BENEFIT OF A BAD REPUTATION.—A Yorkshireman, whose orchard had been frequently pilfered, grafted some very sour apple stems on the lower limbs of his trees. The result, as described by himself, was as follows:—"Now, the boys seein' sich good-lookin' apples handy, jump the fence, seize the furst fair one they can reach, take one bite but after one bite they never wait to take another, but run right off as fast as legs can carry them to my neighbor Simmons's orchard, to get one of his large Ribstons to take the sour taste out of their mouths. My orchard certainly has no good reputation—but I save my fruit."

☞ Dean Swift, in travelling once, called at a house; the lady of the mansion, rejoiced to have so great a guest, with much eagerness and flippancy, asked him what he would have for dinner. "Will you have an apple pie, or a gooseberry pie, sir; or a cherry pie, or a plum pie, or a pigeon pie, sir?" "Any pie, madame, but a mag-pie," replied the Dean, in his usual dry, sarcastic manner.

☞ Mayor Tiemann, when he was told that Photographic likenesses could be taken on wood, slapped his forehead in despair, and exclaimed, quite touchingly, "Then, no man's head is safe!"—*N. Y. Picayune.*

☞ FEAR.—Fear is a prodigious magnifier, especially when it has been excited by any unusual object. No traveller ever saw a small tiger: no landsman ever experienced a gale at sea that was not a tornado.

☞ BROWN (AN UNLUCKY LENDER.)—It's the fifth time Wormwood has thanked me for that matter of $50 I lent him! He's so uncommonly grateful that I began to suspect the fellow doesn't intend to repay me.

☞ RUDE HEALTH.—It is extremely *Rude* when a strong robust fellow keeps bragging about it in the presence of an invalid!

THERE'S one sign that surely betokens a fool.
He goes by Exceptions, instead of the Rule.

M. DE BERIOT, the famous violinist, has partially completed the sale of his violin, to M. Wienawski, another artist, for twenty thousand francs, or nearly four thousand dollars. The instrument is quite a famous one, and the last mentioned gentleman has taken the refusal of it at the above price. A rather expensive instrument that.

A HOAX.—The letter recently received by Gov. Wise, from Lewisburg, Penna., and published with others in the Richmond papers, is said by the Lewisburg papers to be evidently a hoax. There is no Captain Smalley in the village, and "Limber Jim" is altogether a myth.

HARPER'S FERRY.

WASHINGTON, November 25.—According to the reported conversations with Governor Wise recently in this city, he has no doubt of the existence of secret societies in various portions of Ohio and elsewhere, the members of which are bound by horrid oaths, not only to rescue Brown, but to take revenge on those who were instrumental in the conviction of him and his associates for their offences at Harper's Ferry.

The letters which the Governor has received upon this subject are from men in whose word he places the fullest confidence, but whose names will not be revealed by him.

While the troops were embarking on the cars at Washington for Charlestown, on Sunday morning, some one approached Governor Wise, and said that the people were laughing at such a great military display when there was no actual necessity for it.

"Well," said the Governor, "I would much rather meet General Ridicule than General Disgrace—(for such it would be were the prisoners to be rescued.")

Dr. Breed, formerly an examiner in the Patent Office, having been arraigned before Justice Denn, on the charge of uttering incendiary language, was to-day required to give security in the sum of $2,000 to keep the peace. It appears that the objectionable words were uttered in the presence of several other persons (Senator Seward's views being the topic of conversation) and soon thereafter were published in the States and Union newspaper. Hence his arrest.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 25.—All is now quiet with the exception of occasional alarms and rumors, amounting to little or nothing.

Four companies of military are quartered in the Court-House. Gen. Taliaferro has taken command over Colonel Davis.

It is rumored that Brown has greatly changed during the last 24 hours, having become quite repentant.

RICHMOND, November 25.—Governor Wise has ordered five hundred additional troops to be present at the execution of Brown, on Friday next.

The Enquirer says the rumored despatches from Gov. Packer, tendering military aid, and from Gov. Chase, cautioning him of the approach of filibusters from Ohio, are altogether unfounded.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 25.—The despatch in yesterday's daily papers, purporting to have been sent from Charlestown, Virginia, informing the public that Gov. Packer, of Pennsylvania, had tendered to Gov. Wise the services of ten thousand men to guard the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, is a hoax. No such tender was made to Gov. Wise, nor did he make any such reply as was stated in the despatch. WM. M. HIESTER, Sec'y of State.

An Immediate Attack Apprehended—A Strong Military Force in Motion—1,000 Soldiers at Charlestown—The Ohio Line Guarded.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 26.—All is now comparatively quiet. We have exciting rumors occasionally, but we are getting used to them. They have been so numerous, that if a genuine attack was made, the people would be likely to consider it a joke or a hoax.

The howitzer company of Richmond, who returned to Richmond with Gov. Wise, arrived here to-day.

Gov. Wise professes to have received information after his return, which induced him to send them back.

The barns of Thos. H. Willis were set on fire yesterday and destroyed. Loss $2,000.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 27th.—A steamer arrived from Norfolk with two companies of military, numbering 170 men. They will proceed to Charlestown by a special train to-night.

Two companies of one hundred men left Charlestown to-day, for Wheeling, to guard the Ohio line.

The Virginia "Cadets" and over 100 volunteers, numbering in all over 200 men, went up in a special train this afternoon.

These reinforcements will make the force at Charlestown over 1,000. They are quartered in the Court House and churches.

Every car that passes through is searched for armed men at all the stopping-places in Virginia.

What new information has been received has not transpired. There seems, however, to be a determination to keep up the panic. The military movement, it is said, grows out of a confident belief that an attack will be made to-night.

It is said that Governor Wise and Mr. Hunter profess to have received information that an attack will be made to-night.

Companies from all parts of the State have tendered their services to the Governor; also, four companies from Georgia and one from North Carolina. The services of the latter have been declined.

The citizens of Rockingham County have tendered 100 mounted men, to proceed to any point the Governor may require them.

The Richmond Dispatch urges the people of Virginia to stay away from the execution. It says that visitors from other States, if they are permitted to be present at all, will be assigned a position where they can do no mischief.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Additional military from Virginia passed through Washington to-day, on the way to Charlestown.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—New York, Nov. 27th.—The mail steamship Baltic has arrived, with $1,750,000 in gold, and 650 passengers, including the officers and crew of the United States steam frigate Saranac.

The Baltic brings on freight a hundred cases of silk-worm eggs from China for Italy and the South of France.

The rainy season had fairly commenced in California.

Upwards of three thousand passengers had arrived at San Francisco from Panama and the North during the three days prior to the departure of the mail.

The construction of the telegraph lines to the interior was progressing rapidly. It was in operation 165 miles east of San Francisco, and would reach Visula, 250 miles, by the 1st of January.

There are more improvements going on in San Francisco than at any period since 1854. The city is generally more prosperous than at any time since the revulsion of 1855. During the month of October, $1,348,000 worth of gold was deposited in the mint for coinage, among which was a considerable amount of Fraser river dust. The total shipment of gold during October was $3,620,000.

Judge Terry has been indicted and placed under bail in $10,000 to answer for killing Senator Broderick in a duel.

The news from the whaling fleet in the Arctic ocean, says the whole fleet had generally done well as to oil.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—*Washington*, Nov. 27.—It is understood that the President's next Annual Message will not be more than two-thirds the length of that of 1858. It is ready for the press.

Whatever designs France and Spain may have on Mexico, with a view to fix its future form of government, there is nothing to warrant the suspicion that Great Britain is united with them for that purpose.

The subject of Mexican affairs will doubtless be pre-eminently presented to the consideration of Congress during the coming session.

☞ Pat was dry, and got out of the cars for his refreshment; the cars, very thoughtlessly, went on without him. Pat's ire was up. "Ye spalpeen!" he cried, starting on a run, and shaking his fist as he flew after the train. "Stop there, ye old stame wagon; ye murtherin stame injine—ye've got a passenger on board that's left behind."

THE DEAN OF DENHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM." "THE ROCK," &c.

I.

A rustic congregation was pouring out of a rustic church, one Sunday afternoon, St. Mary's, situated in the hamlet of Little Whitton. Great Whitton, some three miles off, was altogether a different affair, for the parish, there, was more aristocratic than rustic, and the living was worth nine hundred a year; Little Whitton brought its incumbent in but two hundred, all told. The livings were both in the gift of the Earl of Avon; the incumbent of Great Whitton was a gouty old man on his last legs; the incumbent of Little Whitton was an attractive man scarcely thirty, the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten. Therefore, little wonder need be expressed if some of the Great Whitton families ignored their old rector, who had lost his teeth, and could not by any effort be heard, and came to hear the eloquent Mr. Baumgarten.

A small, open carriage, the horses driven by a boy, jockey fashion, waited at the church door. The boy was in a crimson jacket and a velvet cap, the postilion livery of an aristocratic family. The sweeping seat behind was low and convenient, without doors; therefore, when two ladies emerged from the church, they stepped into it unassisted. The one looked about fifty years of age and walked lame, the other was a young lady of exceeding fairness, blue eyes, and somewhat haughty features. The boy touched his horses, and drove on.

"He surpassed himself to-day, Grace," began the elder.

"I think he did, mamma."

"But it is a long way to come—for me. I can't venture out in all weathers. If we had him at Great Whitton, now, I could hear him every Sunday."

"Well, mamma, there's nothing more easy than to have him—as I have said more than once," observed the younger, bending down to adjust something in the carriage, that her sudden heightening of color might pass unnoticed. "It is impossible that Mr. Chester should last long, and you could get Henry to give him the living."

"Grace, you talk like a child. Valuable livings are not given away so easily; neither are men without connexions inducted to them. I never heard that young Baumgarten had any connexion, not as much as a mother, even; he does not speak of his family. No; the most sensible plan would be for Mr. Chester to turn off that muff of a curate, and take on Baumgarten in his stead."

The young lady threw back her head.

"Rectors don't give up their preferments to subside into curates, mamma."

"Unless it is made well worth their while," returned the elder, in a matter-of-fact tone; "and old Chester ought to make it worth his."

"Mamma!"—when they were about a mile on the road—"we never called to inquire after Mrs. Dane!"

"I did not think of doing so."

"*I* did. I shall go back again. James!"

The boy, without slackening his speed, half turned on his horse.

"My lady?"

"When you come to the corner, drive down the lane and go back to the cottage."

He touched his cap and looked forward again, and Lady Grace sank back in the carriage.

"You might have consulted me first, Grace," grumbled the Countess of Avon. "And why do you choose the long way, all round by the lane?"

"The lane is shady, mamma, and the afternoon sunny; to prolong our drive will do you good."

Lady Grace laughed as she spoke, and it would have taken one, deeper in penetration than the Countess of Avon had ever been, to divine that all had been done with a preconcerted plan; that when Lady Grace drove from the church door, she had fully intended to proceed part of the way home, and then come back again.

We must notice another of the congregation, one who had left the church subsequently to the Countess and her daughter, but by a different door. It was a young lady of two or three-and-twenty; she had less beauty than Lady Grace, but a far sweeter countenance. She crossed the churchyard, and opening one of its gates, found herself in a narrow sheltered walk, running through Whitton Wood. It was the nearest way to her home, Whitton Cottage.

A few paces within it, she stood against a tree, turned and waited; her lips parted, her cheeks flushed, and her hand was laid upon her beating heart. Who was she expecting? that it was one, all too dear to her, the signs but too truly betrayed. The ear of love is strangely fine, and she, Edith Dane, bent hers to listen; with the first sound of approaching footsteps, she walked hurriedly on. Would she be caught waiting for him? No, no; rather would she sink into the earth, than betray aught of the deep love that ran through her veins for the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten.

It was Mr. Baumgarten who was following her; he sometimes chose the near way home, too; a tall, graceful man, with pale, classic features, and large brown eyes, set deeply. He strode on, and overtook Miss Dane.

"How fast you are walking, Edith!"

She turned her head with the prettiest air of surprise possible, her face overspread with love's rosy flush.

"Oh—is it you, Mr. Baumgarten? I was walking fast to get home to poor mamma."

Nevertheless, it did happen that their pace slackened considerably; in fact, they scarcely advanced at all, but sauntered along side by side.

"They have been taking me to task," began Mr. Baumgarten.

"Who? What about?"

"About the duties of the parish; secular, not clerical; I take care that the latter shall be efficiently performed. The old women are not coddled, the younger ones' households not sufficiently looked up, and the school, in the point of plain sewing, is running to rack and ruin. Squire Wells and his wife, with a half a dozen more, carpeted me in the vestry this morning after service, to tell me this."

Mr. Baumgarten had been speaking in a half joking way, his beautiful eyes alive with merriment. Miss Dane received the news more seriously.

"You never said anything of this at home! you never told mamma."

"No. Why should I? The school sewing is the worst grievance. Dame Giles's Betsy took some cloth with her, which ought to have gone back a shirt, but which was returned a pair of pillow-cases. The dame boxed Betsy's ears, went to the school and nearly boxed the governess's. Such mistakes are always occurring, and the matrons of the parish are up in arms."

"But do they expect you to look after the sewing of the school?" breathlessly asked Edith.

"Not exactly; but they think I might provide a remedy—one who would."

"How stupid they are! I'm sure the governess does what she can with such a tribe. Not that I think she has much headpiece, and were there any lady who would supervise occasionally, it might be better; but—"

"That is just it," interrupted Mr. Baumgarten, laughing. "They tell me I ought to help her to a supervisor, by taking to myself a wife."

He looked at Edith as he spoke, and her face happened to be turned full upon him. The words dyed it with a glowing crimson, even to the roots of her hair. In her confusion, she knew not whether to keep it as it was, or to turn it away; her eyelids had dropped, glowing also; and Edith Dane could have boxed her own ears as heartily as Dame Giles had boxed the unhappy Miss Betsy's.

"It cannot be thought of, you know, Edith."

"What cannot?"

"My marrying. Marry on two hundred a year, and expose my wife, and perhaps a family, to poverty and privation! No, that I never will."

"There's the parsonage must be put in repair if you marry," stammered Edith, not in the least knowing what she said, but compelling herself to say something.

"And a sight of money it would take to do it. I told Squire Wells if he could get my tithes increased to double their present value, then I might venture. He laughed, and replied I might look out for a wife who had ten thousand pounds."

"They are not so plentiful," murmured Edith Dane.

"Not for me," returned Mr. Baumgarten.—"A college chum of mine, never dreaming to aspire to anything better than I possess now, married a rich young widow in the second year of his curacy, and lives on the fat of the land, in pomp and luxury. I would not have done it."

"Why?"

"Because no love went with it; even before his marriage he allowed himself to speak of her to me in disparaging terms. No; the school and the other difficulties, which are out of my line, must do as they can, yet a while."

"If mamma were not incapacitated, she would still see after these things for you."

"But she is, Edith. And your time is taken up with her, so that you cannot help me."

Miss Dane was silent. Had her time not been taken up, she fancied it might not be deemed quite the thing, in their censorious neighborhood, for her to be going about in conjunction with Mr. Baumgarten; although she was the late rector's daughter.

The Reverend Cyrus Dane had been many years rector of Little Whitton; at his death, Mr. Baumgarten was appointed. Mrs. Dane was left with a very slender provision, and Mr. Baumgarten took up his residence with her, paying a certain sum for his board. It was a comfortable arrangement for the young clergyman, and it was a help to Mrs. Dane.—The rectory was in a state of dilapidation, and would take more money to put it in habitable repair than Mr. Dane had possessed; so, previous to his death, he had moved out of it to Whitton Cottage. Gossips said that Mr. Baumgarten could have it put in order, and come upon the widow for the cost; but he did not appear to have any intention of doing so.

Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still!
Is human love the growth of human will?

A deal happier for many of us if it were the growth of human will, or under its control. In too many instances it is born of association, of companionship; and thus had it been at Whitton Cottage. Thrown together in daily intercourse, an attachment had sprung up between the young rector and Edith Dane; a concealed attachment, for he considered his circumstances barred his marriage, and she hid her feelings as a matter of course. He was an ambitious man, a proud man, though perhaps not quite conscious of it; and to encounter the expenses of a family upon small means, appeared to him more to be shunned than any adverse fate on earth.

Arrived at the end of the sheltered walk, they turned in to Whitton Cottage, which was close by. Mr. Baumgarten went on at once to his study, but Edith, at the sound of wheels, lingered in the garden. The Countess of Avon's carriage drew up. It was Lady Grace who spoke, her eyes running in all directions while she did so, as if they were in search of some object not in view.

"Edith, we could not go home without driving round to ask after your mamma."

"Thank you, Lady Grace. Mamma is in little pain to-day; I think her breath is generally better in hot weather. Will you walk in?"

"Couldn't think of it, my dear," spoke up the Countess. "Our dinner is waiting, as it is. Grace forgot to order James round till we were half-way home."

"Has Mr. Baumgarten got home yet?" carelessly spoke Lady Grace, adjusting the lace of her summer mantle.

"He is in his study, I fancy," replied Edith, and she turned round to hide the blush called up by the question, just as Mr. Baumgarten approached them.

At his appearance the blush in Lady Grace's face rose high as Edith's.

"You surpassed yourself to-day," cried the Countess, as he shook hands with them. "I must hear that sermon again. Would you mind lending it to me?"

"Not at all," he replied, "if you can only make out my hieroglyphics. My writing is plain to me, but I do not know that it would be so to all."

"When shall I have it? Will you bring it up this evening, and take tea with us? But you will find the walk long, in this hot weather."

"Very long, too far," spoke up Lady Grace. "You had better return with us now, Mr. Baumgarten; mamma will be glad of you to say grace at table.

Whether it pleased the Countess or not, she had no resource, in good manners, but to second the invitation so unceremoniously given. Mr. Baumgarten may have thought he had no resource but to acquiesce—out of good manners also, perhaps. He stood, leaning over the carriage, and spoke, half laughing:

"Am I to bring my sermon with me? If so, I must go in for it. I have just taken it from my pocket."

He came back with his sermon in its black cover. The seat of the carriage was exceedingly large, sweeping round in a half circle.—Lady Grace drew nearer to her mother, and sat back in the middle of the seat, and Mr. Baumgarten took his place beside her. Edith Dane looked after them, an envious look; the sunshine of her afternoon had gone out: and she saw his face bent close to that of Grace Avon.

Some cloud, unexplained, and nearly forgotten now, had overshadowed Lady Avon. It had occurred, whatever it was, during the lifetime of her lord. She had chosen ever since to live at Avon House in retirement, fearing possibly the reception she might meet with, did she venture again into the world; old stories might be reaped up, and a molehill made into a mountain. Lady Grace had been presented by her aunt, and passed one season in town; then she had returned to her mother, to share perforce in her retirement, for she had no other home; and it is probable that the ennui of her monotonous life had led to her falling in love with Mr. Baumgarten. That she did love him, with a strong and irrepressible passion, was certain; and she did not try to overcome it, but rather fostered it with all her power, seeking his society, dwelling upon his image. Had it occurred to her to fear that she might find a dangerous rival in Edith Dane? No; for she cherished the notion that Mr. Baumgarten was attached to herself, and Edith was supposed to be engaged to her cousin. A cousin had certainly wanted her, and made no secret of his want, but Edith had refused him; this, however, was not necessary to be proclaimed to all. Strange as it may seem, to those who understand the exacting and jealous nature of love, Lady Grace Avon never had cast a fear of the sort to Edith.

This evening was but another of those he sometimes spent at Avon House, feeding the flame of her ill-starred passion. He told them, jokingly, as he had told it to Edith, that the parish wanted him to marry. Lady Avon thought he could not do better; parsons and doctors should always be married men. True; when their income allowed them to be, he replied, but his did not.

He stood on the lawn with Lady Grace, watching the glories of the setting sun. Lady Avon was beginning to nod in her after-dinner doze, and they had quitted her. Scant ceremony was observed at Avon House, no pomp or show; six or eight servants composed the whole household, for the Countess's jointure was extremely limited. He had given his arm to Lady Grace in courtesy, and they were both gazing at the beautiful sky, their hands partially shading their eyes, when a little man, dressed in black with a white necktie, limped up the path. It was the clerk of Great Whitton church.

"I beg pardon, my lady; I thought it right to come in and inform the Countess. Mr. Chester's gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Lady Grace. "Gone where?"

"Gone dead, my lady. Departed to the bourne whence no traveller returns," added the clerk, who was of a poetic turn. "He dropped into a sweet sleep, sir, an hour or two ago, and when they came to wake him up for his tea, they found he had gone off in it. Poor old Mrs. Chester's quite beside herself, with the suddenness, and the servants be running about here and there, all at sixes and sevens."

"I will be at the rectory in ten minutes," said Mr. Baumgarten.

They carried the news to the Countess, and then Mr. Baumgarten departed; Lady Grace strolling with him across the lawn to the gate. When they reached it, he stopped to bid her good evening.

"Great Whitton is in my brother's gift," she whispered, as her hand rested in his. "I wish he would give it to you."

A flush rose to the clergyman's face; to exchange Little Whitton for Great Whitton had been one of the flighty dreams of his ambition.

"Do not mock me with pleasant visions, Lady Grace; I can have no possible interest with Lord Avon."

"You could marry then," she softly said, "and set the parish grumblers at defiance."

"I should do so," was his reply.

His voice was soft as her own, his speech hesitating; he was thinking of Edith Dane.—She, alas! gave a different interpretation to it; and how was he to know that? His lofty dreams had never yet soared so high as Lady Grace Avon.

Persuaded into it by her daughter—her ladyship said, badgered into it—the Countess exacted a promise from her son that he would bestow Great Whitton on the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten. On the evening of the day that the letter arrived, giving the promise, Mr. Baumgarten was again at Avon House. Lady Grace had him all to herself in the drawing-room, for the Countess was temporarily indisposed.

"What will you give me for some news I can tell you!" cried she, standing triumphantly before him in the full glow of her beauty.

He bent his sweet smile down upon her, his eyes speaking the admiration that he might not utter. He was no more insensible to the charms of a fascinating and beautiful girl than are other men—in spite of his love for Edith Dane.

"What may I give? Nothing that I can give would be of value to you."

"How do you know that?" And then, with a burning blush, for she had spoken unguardedly, she laughed merrily, and drew a letter from her pocket. "It came to mamma this morning, Mr. Baumgarten, and it is from Lord Avon. What *will* you give me, just to read you one little sentence from it? It concerns you."

Mr. Baumgarten, but that Edith Dane and his calling were in the way, would have liked to say a shower of kisses; it is possible that he would still, in spite of both, had he dared. Whether his looks betrayed so, cannot be told; Lady Grace took refuge in the letter.

"I have been dunned with applications," read she, "some from close friends, but as you and Grace make so great a point of it, I promise you that Mr. Baumgarten shall have Great Whitton."

In reading, she had left out the words "and Grace." She folded up the letter, and then stole a glance at his face.

It had turned to pale seriousness. "How can I ever sufficiently thank Lord Avon?" he breathed forth.

"Now, is not the knowing that worth something?" laughed she.

"Oh, Lady Grace! It is worth far more than anything I have to give in return."

"You will be publicly appointed in a day or two, and will of course hear from my brother. What do you say to your marrying project now?"

She spoke saucily, secure in the fact that he could not divine her feelings for him—although she believed in his love for her. His answer surprised her.

"I shall marry instantly: I have only waited for something equivalent to this."

"You are a bold man, Mr. Baumgarten, to make so sure of the lady's consent. Have you asked it?"

"No; where was the use, until I could speak to some purpose? But she has detected my love for her I am sure, and there is no coquetry in Edith."

"Edith!" almost shrieked Lady Grace. "I beg your pardon; I shall not fail."

"What have you done? You have hurt yourself!"

"I gave my ankle a twist. The pain was sharp."

"Pray lean on me, Lady Grace; pray let me support you: you are as white as death."

He wound his arms round her, and laid her pallid face upon his shoulder; for one single moment she yielded to the fascination of the beloved resting-place. Oh! that it could be hers for ever! She shivered, raised her head, and broke from him. "Thank you; the anguish has passed."

He quitted the house, suspecting nothing, and Lady Grace rushed to her writing-desk: "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned." A blotted and hasty note to the Earl of Avon just saved the post. "Give the living to any one you please, Harry, but not to Ryle Baumgarten: bestow it where you will, but not on him. Explanations when we meet."

Mr. Baumgarten, meanwhile, was hastening home, the great news burning a hole in his tongue. Edith was at the gate, not looking for him, of course: merely enjoying the air of the summer's night. That's what she said she was doing when he came up. He did not listen; he caught her by the waist, and drew her between the trees and the privet-hedge. "Edith, my darling, do you think I am mad? I believe I am; mad with joy; for the time has come that I may safely ask you to be my wife."

Her heart beat wildly against his, and he laid her face upon his breast, more fondly than he had laid another's, not long before.

"You know how I have loved you: you must have seen it, though I would not speak: but I could not expose you to the imprudence of marrying while my income was so small. It would not have been right, Edith."

"If you think so—no."

"But, oh my dearest; I may speak now. Will you be my wife? I am presented to the living of Great Whitton, Edith."

"Of Great Whitton! Ryle!"

"I have seen it in Lord Avon's own handwriting. The Countess asked it for me, and he complied. Edith, you will not be afraid of our future: you will not reject me, now I have Great Whitton?"

She hid her face; she felt him lovingly stroking her hair. "I would not have rejected you when you had but Little Whitton, Ryle."

There they lingered, now pacing the confined space and talking, now her face gathered upon him again. "Yours is not the first fair face which has been there this night, Edith," he laughed, in the exuberance of his joy and love. "I had Lady Grace's there but an hour back."

A shiver seem to dart through Edith Dane's heart. Her jealousy of Lady Grace had been almost as powerful as her love for Mr. Baumgarten.

"I was telling her my plans, now my prospects have changed; that my first step would be my marriage with you; and, as I spoke, she managed somehow to twist her ankle. The pain must have been intense, for she turned as white as death, and I had to hold her to me. But I did not pay myself for my trouble, as I am doing now," he added, taking kiss after kiss from Edith's face.

She lifted her face up and looked in his: "You would only have liked to do so, Ryle."

"I have liked to do so!" he uttered, smothering back a glimmer of consciousness. "Edith, my dearest, my whole love is yours."

A week passed, and then the lucky man was announced. The living of Great Whitton was bestowed on the Honorable and Reverend Wilfred Elliot, a personal friend of the Earl of Avon's.

II.

A twelvemonth passed away. In a shaded room of Little Whitton rectory lay Edith Baumgarten—dying. Changes had taken place. That Mr. Baumgarten must have been disappointed and annoyed at the appointment of another to the living, could not be doubted: these it down to the caprice of great men: and he consoled himself by immediately marrying Edith, sending his former prudence to the winds. It is probable he thought he could not in honor withdraw, and it is more than probable, that, once having given the reins to his hopes and his love, he was not stoic enough to do so. Following close upon the marriage, came the death of Mrs. Dane, an event long anticipated: a few hundred pounds descended to Edith, and they were employed in putting the rectory in order, into which Mr. and Mrs. Baumgarten removed.

"Ryle, we have been very happy," she faintly sighed.

He was sitting by her, holding her hand in his, his tears kept back, and his voice low with its suppressed grief.

"Do not say 'we have,' my darling; say 'we are.' I cannot part with you; there is hope yet."

"There is none," she wailed—"there is none. Oh, Ryle, my husband, it will be a hard parting!"

She feebly drew his face to hers, and his tears fell upon it.

"Edith, if I lose you, I shall lose all that is of value to me in life."

A tap at the door, and then a middle-aged woman, holding a very young infant in her arms, put in her head and looked at Mr. Baumgarten.

"The doctors are coming up, sir."

He quitted his wife, snatched a handkerchief from his pocket, rubbed it over his face, and then turned to the window, as if intent on looking out. He lingered an instant after the medical men entered the chamber, but he gathered nothing, and could not ask questions there; so he left it, and waylaid them as they came out.

"Well?" he uttered, his tone harsh with pain.

"There is no improvement, sir; there can be none. If she could but have rallied—but she cannot. She will die from exhaustion."

"She may recover yet," he sharply said; "I am sure she may. But a few days ago, well; and now—"

"Mr. Baumgarten, if we deceived you, you would blame us afterwards. She cannot be saved."

And yet, later in the day, she did seem a little better; it was the rallying of the spirit before final departure. She knew it was deceitful strength, but it put hope into the heart of Mr. Baumgarten.

"Ryle, if he should live, you will always be kind to him?"

"Edith! Kind to *him!* Oh, my wife, my wife," he uttered, with a burst of irrepressible emotion, "you must not go, and leave him and me."

She waited until he was calmer; she was far more collected than he.

"And when you take another wife, Ryle—"

"You are cruel, Edith," he interrupted.

"Not cruel, my darling, I am only looking dispassionately forward at what will be. Were I to remain on the earth, or, going where I am, could I look down here at what passes, retaining my human passions and feelings, it would be torment to me to see you wedded with another. But it will not be so, Ryle; and it seems as if a phase of my future passionless state were come upon me, enabling me to contemplate calmly what must be. Ryle, you will take another wife; I can foresee, with all but certainty, who that wife will be."

"What mean you?" inquired Mr. Baumgarten, raising his head to look at her.

"It will be Grace Avon. It surely will. Now that impediments are removed, she will not let you escape her again. But for my being in the way, she would have been your wife long ago."

"Edith, I do think you must be wandering!" uttered Mr. Baumgarten, speaking according to his belief. "Grace Avon is no fit wife for me; she would not stoop to it."

"You are wrong, Ryle; I saw a great deal in the days gone by; and I say that, but for me, she would then have been your wife. Let what is past, be past; but the same chance will occur for her again. I only pray you, with my dying breath, to shield my child from her hatred, when she shall have a legal right over him."

Mr. Baumgarten became more fully impressed with the conviction that his wife's mind was rambling. He was mistaken. Smouldering in her heart through the whole months of her married life, had been her jealousy of Lady Grace; she had felt a positive conviction that, but for Mr. Baumgarten's attachment and engagement to herself, the other marriage would have been brought about; and she felt an equal conviction that, now the impediment was about to be removed, it would be so. A jealous imagination is quick, and gives the reins to its extravagance, but it is sometimes right in its premises. She had observed an entire reticence to her husband on the subject, so no wonder that her present words took him by surprise, and caused him to suspect her mind must be playing her false.

"My dearest love," he whispered, "if it will give you a moment's peace, I will bind myself by an oath never to marry Grace Avon."

"Not so, Ryle. What will be, will be; and I would not have you both loathe my memory—"

Mr. Baumgarten started up in real earnest. She was certainly mad.

She held his hand, she feebly drew him down again, she suggested calmness.

"It may come to that, Ryle; you may learn to love her as you have loved me. Oh, Ryle, I pray you, when she shall be your wife, that you will shield my child from her unkindness!" she continued, in a low wail of impassioned sorrow.

"I cannot understand you," he said, much distressed; "it is not possible I could ever suffer any one to be unkind to your child. Why should you fear unkindness for him?"

"I should fear it from her alone; she has regarded me with hatred; I have been a blight in her path; and so would she regard my child, our child, Ryle, should she become its second mother; that she should do so is but in accordance with human nature."

Mr. Baumgarten sighed; he scarcely knew how to answer her, how to soothe her; were her mind not actually insane, he looked upon these farfetched fears as only a species of illness, which must have its rise in some derangement of the brain. All that she had said, touching Lady Grace, he considered to be a pure fantasy.

"Ryle! my love, my husband, you will love our child? you will protect him against her unkindness, should it ever be offered?"

"Ay; that I swear to you," he ardently replied. And Edith Baumgarten breathed a sigh of relief, and quietly sheltered herself in her husband's arms, to die.

III.

Whether it be death or whether it be birth, whether it be marriage or whether it be divorce, time goes on, all the same. After the funeral of Mrs. Baumgarten, the parish flocked to the rectory in shoals, especially the young ladies who were, vulgarly to speak, on the look out; there to condole with the interesting widower, and go into raptures over the baby. They need not have troubled themselves; Mr. Baumgarten's eyes and heart were closed to them; they were buried for the present in the tomb of Edith.

She had been dead about six months when the open carriage of Lady Avon stopped before the rectory, as the reader once saw it stop before Whitton Cottage, but it had but one occupant now, and that was the Countess. After the marriage of Mr. Baumgarten, the Countess had sometimes attended Little Whitton church as heretofore, but Lady Grace never. She had always excuses ready, and the Countess, who had no suspicion of the true state of the case, put faith in them. The Countess declined to alight, and Mr. Baumgarten went out to her.

"Would it be troubling you very much, Mr. Baumgarten, to come to Avon House occasionally and pass an hour with me?" began the Countess.

"Certainly not, if you wish it," he replied; "if I can render you any service."

Lady Avon lowered her voice and bent towards him.

"I am not happy in my mind, Mr. Baumgarten; not easy. The present world is passing away from me, and I know nothing of the one I am entering. I don't like the rector of Great Whitton; he does not suit me; but with you I feel at home. I shall be obliged to you to come up once or twice a week, and pass a quiet hour with me."

"I will do so. But I hope you find nothing serious the matter with your health."

"Time will prove," replied Lady Avon. "How is your little boy?"

"He gets on famously; he is a brave little fellow," returned Mr. Baumgarten, his eyes brightening. "Would you like to see him?"

The child was brought out for the inspection of Lady Avon—a pretty babe in a white frock and black ribbons, the latter worn in memory of his mother.

"He will resemble you," remarked her ladyship. "What is his name?"

"Cyrus. I know it would have pleased Edith, to have him named after her father."

Mr. Baumgarten paid his first visit to Avon House, on the following day. Lady Grace was alone in the room when he entered, and it happened that she knew nothing of his expected visit. It started her to emotion. However she may have striven to drive away the remembrance of Mr. Baumgarten, she had not done it; and her feelings of anger, her constantly indulged feelings of jealousy, had but helped to keep up her passion. Her countenance flushed crimson, and then grew deadly pale.

Mr. Baumgarten took her hand, almost in compassion; he thought she must be ill.

"What has been the matter?" he inquired.

"The matter! Nothing," and she grew crimson again. "Is your visit to mamma? Do you wish to see her?"

"I am here by appointment with Lady Avon."

The conversation with his wife, relating to Lady Grace, had nearly faded from Mr. Baumgarten's remembrance. Not the words; they would ever be remembered; but he attached no more importance to them, than he had done when they were spoken. The Countess came in, and Lady Grace found that his visits were to be frequent.

Did she rebel, or did she rejoice? oh, reader, if you have loved as she did, passionately, powerfully, you need not ask. The very presence of one, so beloved, is as the morning light; dead and drear is his absence as the darkest midnight, but at his coming it is as if the bright day opened. So had she felt when with Mr. Baumgarten; so did she feel now; although he had belonged to another.

From that day they saw a great deal of each other, and in the quiet intercourse of social life—of invalid life, it may be said, for Lady Avon's ill health was confirmed—grew more intimate than they had ever been. Lady Grace strove to arm herself against him; she called up pride, anger, and many other adjuncts, false, as they were vain, for the heart is ever true to itself, and will be heard. It ended in her struggling no longer; in her giving herself up, once more, to the bliss of loving him, unchecked.

Did he give himself up to the same, by way of reciprocity? Not of loving her; no, it had not come to it; but he did yield to the charm of liking her, of finding pleasure in her society, of wishing to be more frequently at Avon House. He had loved his wife, but she was dead and buried, and there are very few men indeed who remain constant in heart to a dead love, especially if she has been his wife. The manners of Lady Grace possessed naturally great fascination; what then must they not have been, when in intercourse with him she idolised? She was more quiet than formerly, more confidential, more subdued; it was a change as if she had gone through sorrow, and precisely what was likely to tell upon the heart of Mr. Baumgarten. But there was no acting now in Lady Grace: she was not striving to gain him, as she had once done; she simply gave herself up to the ecstatic dream she was indulging, and let results take their chance. Mr. Baumgarten may be forgiven if he also began to feel that existence might yet be made into something, pleasant as a dream.

The Honorable and Reverend Wilfred Elliot, claiming a dead Earl for a father and a live Earl for a brother, was not, of course, a light whose beams could be hid under a bushel, the

more particularly as the live Earl was in the cabinet. It therefore surprised nobody that when the excellent old Bishop of Barkaway was gathered to his fathers, Mr. Elliot should be promoted to his vacant shoes. The good bishop's life had been prolonged to the patriarchal age of ninety, but for the last twenty years of it he had been next to incapable, therefore the see of Barkaway hugged itself as being in luck, on the principle that any change must be for the best. Great Whitton, on the contrary, hugged itself in like manner on the same principle, for the Honorable and Reverend—to speak mildly—had not been popular. The Earl of Avon, as luck, or the opposite, would have it, was on a few days visit to his mother when Mr. Elliot received his mitre.

"Don't put such another as Elliot into Great Whitton, Henry," observed the Countess to her son, "or we shall have the parish up in arms."

"What was the matter with Elliot?" drawled the Earl, lighting a cigar. "Didn't he please them?"

"Please them! He made every soul in the parish, laborers and all, attend daily service in the church, between eight and nine, allowing them ten minutes for breakfast and fifty for prayers; and he has dressed the school in scarlet cloaks, with a large, white linen cross sewn down the back; and there are eight-and-thirty pairs of candlesticks displayed in the church; besides other innovations, which country parishes don't understand, and don't care to take to. One thing has been made a great grievance of; the poor could not comprehend, or could not recollect to turn which way he wanted them at the Belief, so he planted some men in white behind the poor benches every Sunday, with long wands, and the moment the Belief began, down came the wands, rapping on the heads of the refractory ones. You have no idea of the commotion it used to cause."

The Earl burst into a laugh.

"I'd have come down for a Sunday had I known there was that sort of fun going on. The girls must take care the bulls don't run at the scarlet! Did you get up to attend the early service?"

"Not I. I can say my prayers more quietly at home, Henry. He did not force the rich to early service, only the poor, who really could not spare the time, for their time is their money. He told the rich he would leave it between themselves and their consciences: the truth is, you know, Henry, that the rich in this country will not be controlled absolutely in matters of religion."

"They are not such geese," returned Lord Avon. "It's a great bother though, these good livings falling in: seventeen letters I have had this blessed morning, applications direct or indirect, for Great Whitton. I have a great mind to reply through the 'Times,' and make one answer do for the lot."

The Countess raised herself from her sofa, and looked at her son.

"Do you want a candidate, Henry?"

The Earl looked at her.

"Scarcely, mother: with seventeen bold applications, and seventy more behind them peeping out."

"Henry, if you have no one particular in view, let me name the rector: it will perhaps be one of my last requests to you."

"I'm sure I don't care, mother: I had heart-burning enough over it last time, every man but the successful one thinking himself ill used. If your mind's set upon any fellow, I'll give it him at once, glad to do it, and to send off a stereotyped answer to my correspondents: 'Very sorry; living's given: wish I had known your excellent merits earlier.'"

"Then give it to Mr. Baumgarten. He is a deserving man, Henry, and he'll restore peace to the parish. He was to have had it before, you know, and I never knew why you went from your promise: not that I minded then; I did not esteem him so well as I do now."

"Why you sent me word not to give it him! Grace did: a peremptory note. Some freak of hers, I suppose. Well, mother, I don't dislike Baumgarten; he's a gentlemanly fellow, and he may have the living."

And so it was. Great Whitton, with its nine hundred a year and its handsome rectory, was presented to the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten. The churchwardens threw up their hats, and looked in at the school-house to tell the mistress that the girls might unsew those white symbols from behind their tails. Mrs. Baumgarten had been dead about ten months then, and summer was coming round again.

He hastened to Avon House as soon as the news reached him. Lady Grace was standing amidst the rose-trees: she liked to linger in the open air at the dusk hour, to watch the stars come out, and to think of *him*. But that she wore a white dress, he might not have distinguished her in the fading twilight. He left the open path to join her.

"It is a late visit, Lady Grace, but I could not resist coming to say a word of gratitude to Lord Avon."

He felt the hand he had taken in greeting tremble within his, and he saw her raise her other hand hastily and lay it on her bosom, as if she would still its beating. She answered him with a smile.

"Your visit will not accomplish its object, Mr. Baumgarten, for my brother is gone. He left before dinner. Mamma says she is very glad that you will be nearer to us."

"Perhaps I have to thank you for this, as much as Lord Avon," he said.

"No, no, indeed; it was mamma who spoke to Henry. I—"

"What, Lady Grace?" he whispered.

"I did not speak to him," she continued—"that is all I was going to say."

But Mr. Baumgarten could not fail to detect how agitated she was, and as he stood there, looking at her downcast face in the twilight, the remembrance of his wife's last words, came rushing over him, and he felt a sudden conviction that Lady Grace *had* loved him—and that she loved him still. He forgot what had been; he forgot his idol, but ten months gone from him; and he yielded himself unreservedly to the fascination which had of late been stealing over his spirit.

Her trembling hands were busy with the rose-trees, though she could scarcely distinguish buds from leaves. Mr. Baumgarten took one, and placing it within his own arm, bent down his face until it was on a level with hers.

"Grace, have we misunderstood each other?"

She could not speak, but her lips turned white with her emotion. It was the hour of bliss she had so long dreamt of.

"Grace," he continued, in a tone of impassioned tenderness, "have we loved each other through the past, and did I mistake my feelings? Oh, Grace, my best-beloved! forgive me; forgive my folly and blindness!"

With a plaintive, yearning cry, such as may escape from one who suddenly finds a long-sought-for resting-place, Grace Avon turned to his embrace. He held her to him; he covered her face with his impassioned kisses, as he had once covered Edith Dane's; he whispered all that man can whisper of poetry and tenderness. She was silent from excess of bliss, but she felt that she could have lain where she was for ever.

"You do not speak," he jealously said; "you do not tell me that you forgive the past. Grace, say but one word, say you love me?"

"Far deeper than another ever did," she murmured. "Oh, Ryle! I will be more to you than she can have been!"

Recollection, prudence, perhaps for her sake, began to dawn over Mr. Baumgarten; he wiped the drops of emotion from his brow. "Grace, I am doing wrong: it is madness to aspire to you: I have no right to drag you down from your rank to my level."

"Your wife, your own dear wife," she whispered. "Ryle; Ryle; only love me for ever." (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

YOUNG FRANCE.

[The following article from an English source, "Once A Week," is a very noticeable one. That the author is wrong in relation to the necessary results of the equal distribution of a father's property at death, the experience of this country would seem to prove.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post:*]

The study of modern France is not only an interesting, but a useful study for us in these British islands. There is hardly a mistake we might have made that France has not made for us; hardly an error in social, political, or moral science that she has not plunged into neck-deep, so that by watching her we may know what to avoid. The faults and shortcomings of France are more directly applicable to us than we think, but are, unluckily for Frenchmen, less evident to themselves than is easily conceivable. Setting aside the question of religion (which is too grave not to be treated by itself alone), there are in almost all the other questions that bear upon a man's moral and social condition, differences between an Englishman and a Frenchman that it cannot be uninteresting for us to study.

But before undertaking to examine the French of modern France, it should be premised that France is the only European country where two diametrically opposite types are to be found of the same race. The animal classed by science as dating from "before" or "after" the Flood, is scarcely of more radically different structure than is the Frenchman who dates from before or after the Revolution of '89—93, which is his Deluge. He is, up to 1780, a totally antagonistic creature to what he becomes after 1790; and what will sound strange to English "liberal" ears, he is far less unlike a "true Briton" in his former than in his latter stage.

Agriculture, education, health, marriage, respect for or disdain of individual freedom—all these are points curious to examine in a comparison instituted between the two races and between the natives of the same country at different periods. Now, with education, for instance, let us take an English boy and a French one, and a French boy before and after the Revolution.

It has been propounded that donkeys and post-boys never die, but only pass into some "other and better" state by a mysterious process of transition no mortal was ever witness to. An ingenious American author has paralleled this assertion by the declaration that no French "boy" ever existed. Any one who has long inhabited France will instantaneously agree with him. When the small biped which in other lands is called a baby (and really *is* one) is put into short-clothes, in France, a little old man the more is added to the community, but of a "boy" there is absolutely no trace. We will take him in the higher ranks:

A nursery-maid neither leaves him *nor* plays with him, but only watches lest he play too much! and mounts a lynx-like guard upon the purity of the poor little fellow's vestments. A rent or stain upon his ridiculously costly frock is a fault over which French mothers lament, so that the boys who ought, in the course of time and nature, to be one day men, pass from babyhood to boyhood, with undeveloped muscles, strong nervous sensibilities, and fine unspoiled clothes! They have not "played" too much! Heaven help them! Nor do they ever do so; for this is one of the French mother's greatest pre-occupations, and when, the nursery-maid being set aside, the "mamma" comes into play, the leading-strings that were of softer texture for the toddling infant, are only of ruder material for the boy—there is the only difference—but from the leading-strings he is not to escape; never will escape, if the ideal of French education could be attained.

"*Submission*, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word!" cries Sir William Lucy, in Shakspeare's "Henry VI." And truly so it is, and there lies perhaps the one great distinction between the English boy and the French one. The French boy is the higher prized the more subservient he is; whereas, put Eton and "subserviency" together if you can! Think how "submission" and no "play" would suit those rollicking youths who are everywhere destined to be foremost when England is to be served, and who get their real value perhaps more even from the "play" than from the "work;" fancy an Etonian kept from boating or cricket by his mother's sermons!

This may require a few words of explanation: it is supposed—too lightly perhaps—that because France has such a large standing army, and that French soldiers do incontestably fight so well, it is an easy thing to recruit men for the trade of war, and that it suffices to stamp on the ground to make soldiers rise out of it. This is erroneous. The conscription is submitted to, but hated; and with a system of voluntary recruiting it is much to be doubted whether France could maintain any army at all. But this is not our immediate point: what we say is, that in France no man fights who is not a soldier, and with whom fighting is not a trade. The conscription, which forces men of the lower ranks into the army; their inconceivable laziness which accommodates them to garrison life in time of peace; and their natural subserviency, which bends them to the will of their chiefs at all times—these are some of the causes which help to make good soldiers of the French, but none of these characteristics make good citizens—stout hearted *men*. Here is the secret of their submissiveness to tyranny. Have the army for you, and you may *govern* France. Emerson has said: "Englishmen are manly rather than warlike." The saying may be reversed, and it would be true to say of the French that they are "warlike" rather than "manly."

And the system works through life. To be the "first boy" in a school in contemporary France, is to be the most obedient and respectful; and to be a "model young man," when school is lived through and laid aside, is to be in all things submissive to the elders of the family, and not a little guided by the influence of the family confessor. But this is a state of perfection to which, it must be admitted, few young Frenchmen, however well educated, attain. What remains to them is the capacity for subserviency, but it is not always to what is so worthy of respect as the "heads of a family" that their obedience is tendered.

Now, in the lower ranks what happens? The wretched baby, swathed and sewn up physically during the first two years, emerges from this oppression to find itself as morally mummied up as is its more aristocratical companion of whom we have just spoken. There is no "play," either, for this poor little atom, whose earliest infliction is not to be clean, but to be useful. So soon as the French peasant boy can walk and talk, he becomes the employee of his parents, neither more nor less than does the clerk in some government office, furnishing so many hours a day of work. His first lesson is to do something and gain something, and for any display of superfluous energy, implying perchance that he might some day be something, he is sorely taken to task.

The writer of these pages remembers, one fine summer morning, having talked to a farmer's wife, in the central provinces of France, and questioned her about her children, the youngest of whom held by his mother's apron, and listened with a fearfully acute ear for a brat of four years old to what was being said. The children of a neighboring chateau were being led out to walk in a field close by, and were permitted by their guardian *bonnes* to indulge in the recreation of skipping. Upon the question being (mischievously!) put to the infant peasant of "whether *he*, too, should not like to be skipping with the rest?" he threw an extraordinary degree of sharpness into his eyes, and replied, "What would you give me for it?" (literally,—"*Qu' entz ce que vous me donnerez pour cela?*")

The notion of enjoyment for enjoyment's sake—the notion of any act committed otherwise than for the consideration of what was to be gained by it—had not yet taken a definite place in the brains of this baby of four years old.

Well, now, this was not always the condition of French children. On the contrary, French history will furnish you in the century and a-half that precedes the so-called Great Revolution, with countless cases of boys who were as reckless, as irreverent, as gay, as imprudent, as "up to a row," or to any wickedness in the world, as any Etonian since the time of the foundation of Eton by Henry VI.; real "boys," who snap their fingers at the experience of others, rush headlong into adventure, and, if they do not bravely die for some noble cause, may battle with circumstances till they become great men.

The aristocracy of France betrayed itself and the country: but in the details of all its backslidings it is not our purpose to enter; suffice it to say, there was a time when, like England, France had "younger sons"—when men with ancient names were forced to do something for themselves and for the country: when unmarried girls were comparatively free; when colonies were there, asking for colonists; and when marriage was not, as now, based upon the inevitable sale of the man, in order that the equality of the fortune may be restored. The armies of Conde and Turenne were full of boys, lads of fourteen and fifteen, who were neither canting little Jesuits, nor puny would-be exquisites, nor infidels either, like the products of the Revolution—but who fleshed their maiden swords gallantly, died like Christian gentlemen, and would not have told a lie for all the world, but whose chief virtue was far from being their capacity of obedience. Many of them had run away from home to join the standards of the King or of "Monsieur le Prince," as it might be. The great and undeniable fact is, that there were boys in France before the revolution of '89, and that it would puzzle any one to discover a genuine boy there now.

We will prove by-and-by that there were girls, too, in France, some hundred and fifty years ago; and that might seem a much more hazardous assertion to persons familiar with the present immured condition of French young ladies of "good society." And at the bottom of all this lies the one master circumstance of the mode of transmission of property. The existence of the eldest son, and future representative and head of the family—let not our countrywomen forget it?—makes the love-match necessarily the basis on which the social edifice is raised. Subvert this, and you must come to the *money-marriage*—the so-called *mariage de convenance*; and when you have come to that, you have come to all that is otherwise than as it should be in modern French society. We will show this by example.

A father of a family has four sons, or two sons and one two daughters, and is possessed of £2,000 sterling a year. He brings up his children in what abroad is termed great luxury. He has a handsome apartment in Paris, and what he styles a chateau down in some province, and his wife and his children have any number of fine dresses, and ride in comfortable carriages, go to operas and plays, and pass for very fine people altogether. One fine day the old gentleman dies, and then comes what is called the "division" of everything he possessed. The house in the country is sold (mostly in very small parcels to forty or fifty proprietors); the horses and carriages are sold; the pictures, plate, furniture, wine—all is sold; and the very clothes the dead man last wore are disposed of *for whatever they will fetch*;* the produce being shared to the minutest fraction among the survivors, who for the time cease to be sons and daughters, in order to become literally only "heirs."

All law expenses (which are very heavy) being discharged, each member of the family will begin by having about £450 a year to spend. At the outset the sons will think this a goodly sum, and they will begin by going on as they used to do, when they had to partake of four times that amount. Nine times out of ten they commit some absurdity in the way of speculation, which reduces their income considerably, and then a "money-match" has to be resorted to to set all square again; or else they prudently begin by looking out for the money-match, and proceed according to the rule recognized in France, that, "a husband is worth at least three times the fortune he brings." In either case, whether preventively or curatively, the "money-match" is made, and two separate fortunes are united with comparatively little attention to the tastes, habits, or affections of the two individuals possessing them.

With the daughters, supposing them to be still unmarried when they succeed to their fortunes, the "matching" process is also instantly brought into play, and the ingenuity of every female relative is forthwith exercised to obtain the best price for the orphans, and drive the hardest bargain with the future bridegrooms. Whatever obstacle may intervene (and never was a marriage in France which it was not sought by every imaginable means to prevent), these money-matches always are somehow or other concluded—how to end, glance at French literature or the French stage will quickly show.

But it cannot be otherwise. Marriages must be so concluded in France, because the unlimited subdivision of property makes it impossible that there should be a man who perpetuates "the family," who is rich enough to buy his wife and *not sell himself*, and whose exceptional condition *forces* his younger brothers to exert themselves, and be in turn thriving men, who, having made money, can afford to marry the women they love, and have chosen for their wives.

It is a recognized fact, to which we have alluded, that there are no girls in France. Why should there be? Where wives are chosen for their more or less of wealth, why should they trouble themselves to be attractive before marriage? They are so only after marriage, which they call freedom. To be married is, in France, to be free. Where money-matches are the basis on which the social edifice is raised, there can be no equivalent to what we are accustomed to in the shape of an English girl—a self-acting, sentient, responsible member of society, who chooses and is chosen, and who gives her hand only when her heart has preceded the gift.

It has become so proverbial that French girls are absolute nobodies, and only grow into somebodies after they are married women, that it will, at first, be scarcely believed that a century and a-half ago French girls were more independent, more self-reliant, than any English girl could be now. The "fastest" young lady ever heard of in our isles would be distanced by the young ladies of the seventeenth century in France, and all the Di Vernons and Kate Coventries in Great Britain are boarding-school Misses compared to the Marie de Hautefort and the Jacqueline de Meurdrac of the days of the Fronde. Look at the Grande Mademoiselle who took the Bastille and besieged Orleans, and (leaving her aside, for she was, as a princess, exceptional) look at her fair aides-de-camp. We will, in order to convey a correct notion to our reader's mind of what a French *girl* could be under the Regency of Anne of Austria, sketch out the life of Mademoiselle de Meurdrac, and show how what was in those days called a *femme vaillante* astonished no one, and was, as we have said, far beyond anything that we imagine to ourselves as "fast."

In 1612, a gentleman and his wife, in the province of Brie, close to Paris, lived in their chateau with their only child, Jacqueline.—Monsieur and Madame de Meurdrac were by no means surprised that as the young lady grew up all she took to were masculine amusements. She tamed all the horses she could lay hands on, went out shooting with all the guns she could find, turned her neighbors' daughters into bitter ridicule because they were "effeminate," and was so adroit with her rapier that no cavalier within thirty miles cared to cross foils with her. Mademoiselle Jacqueline was a most "accomplished" young person, handsome withal, and on all hands admitted to be the most desirable daughter-in-law that any proper gentlewoman with a son could possibly find.

We should only like to see what a "proper gentlewoman" in the "good society" of France in the present day would say to Mademoiselle Jacqueline de Meurdrac!

Well, this youthful heroine resolved to live and die unmarried, and a brave cavalier of the name of La Guette, whose estate was not far from her father's, swore to himself a solemn oath that he would confer his name upon no woman born. Somehow or other, the two met and—changed their minds. Jacqueline was eighteen, M. de la Guette eight-and-twenty, and he decided d have no wife save Mademoiselle de Meurdrac, and she, that she would have no husband save M. de la Guette. This being settled in those days surprised no one anyhow (the rest,) Madame de Meurdrac was to, and gave her consent, and then M. de Meurdrac to be spoken with. So happened that Etna and Vesuvius were more volcanic than were M. de Meurdrac and M. de la Guette. The meeting took one morning at breakfast.

"Monsieur," sinuatingly the young cavalier, "I have much land, so many farms, and such such sums in good shining crowns—I marry."

"Then," rejoined future father-in-law, with a smile, "must address yourself to the young lady mine, or to her father."

"You are right the suitor, impatiently.

But the old man took it all the wrong way.

"You no dancy," he exclaimed, "that because are rich, you can marry my daughter—that is what I will not hear of—my daughter is not to be bought."

La Guette lost breath and his pains in declaring Jacqueline was resolved to be his wife. Old Meurdrac's wrong-headedness would not be influenced by words ensued; after high words easy deeds; crack went the pistols at the head went the bottles on the floor; and Jacqueline rushed in to quiet the irable, she found both in the act of drawing swords. The girl instinctively seized one of, and the three glared angrily at each other, hesitating who should begin the fray. Madame de Meurdrac, at the head of all hands, broke into the room, and by force of arms the combatants were disarmed, and the *demande en mariage* of Mademoiselle Jacqueline was brought to a rather violent

Nevertheless Jacqueline de Meurdrac had resolved she would marry M. de la Guette, and none other; and in the end marry him she did; and with what she went campaigning, having on one occasion served the Prince de Conde as aide-de-camp and having accompanied him into the thick of the fire in an action on the banks of the Seine, during which his Royal Highness amused himself with more than once shouting:

"Come, queen, make way for Madame de la Guette!"

Our purpose however, is not to write Jacqueline de Meurdrac's biography, or that of any other French lady of note, but merely to show how different French manners and customs were among neighbors to what they have now become. It is praise to say of an English girl, that she is "high-spirited;" it is so difficult to apply the term to modern French girls, that not very long since the eldest son of a very illustrious house in France, dutifully asking his mother whether it was "a proper thing for ladies to ride on horseback?" (!) received the following answer:

"It is thought to be tolerated in certain cases—for instance, where health requires—but never to be encouraged!"

Compare the state of society where these words contain a truth, with that which is presupposed by good repute of a woman like Madame de la Guette; who, when she was presented to Queen Anne of Austria, after one of her warlike actions, received the compliments of the whole court on "her courage and brave bearing."

The great question of education—what it makes of girls and boys, and men and women—as one touches every country, and it has proved itself latterly to be one most nearly touching—let us reflect on what the daughters, and sisters, and wives of Englishmen have shown themselves to be in India. Let us count upon what the race of such women will one day be, and glory in the thought that it is still a praise to say of an English girl, that she is "high-spirited."

This age, too, in the same degree to the manly edition of our boys; witness India, where no Englishman asked to be "defended" or "fought for," as Frenchmen invariably do on all occasions of trouble or revolt. We *defended ourselves*; and that we were able to do so—civilians equally with soldiers, women almost equally as men—depends upon our system of education, which is itself in turn dependent upon our social and political institutions, and upon our time-honored manners and customs, far more than we are apt to think; and do not let us be unmindful of the saying of the Duke of Wellington upon the Eton play-ground; that it was "here we won the battle of Waterloo!" We needed a further proof of the superiority of our public-school education over that of race, we should find it in the impression produced by it upon one of the most distinguished and perhaps *the* most unprejudiced of Frenchmen of our day—upon M. de Montalembert in his volume upon "The Future of England," if the writer's own countrymen find so much what they most may envy, we find not what we should most be proud of. We are forced into recognizing as benefits to be precisely preserved, many things we had so long enjoyed that, unconscious of their immense value, we had accepted them as matters of course.

Let us, above all, hold to that wilful, generous, lads-strong, bold, healthy, joyous animal—the true English "boy"—the boy "who bullied Keate," as "Eothen" somewhere says, but who rescues India; let him be a "boy," not a *lesser man*, as he is in France; and, above all, let him "play" too much, which no created being ever does in that country.

The muscular development and animal health of the French people is never on a level with our own, which disables them from supporting reverses or a protracted struggle with the patience and energy which we display.

A book which was published last winter in Paris, and which created a sensation wherever the French tongue was spoken,—a book purporting to treat of marriage, and of the care and attention a husband ought to show to his wife, was a very curious proof in point of what is the present degenerate condition of the French female in all ranks. In his chapter on the "Health of Young Women" you find rules laid down by M. Michelet, which, to our English ideas, would almost alone suffice to reduce any woman to the lowest state of physical weakness. She is to be kept as quiet as possible, to eat little meat, and drink no wine; to take hardly any exercise; very moderately to improve her mind by reading, or any other rational employment; never to hear of cold bathing; and if ever she should guess at such follies as fine racing gallops over breezy downs on the back of a generous horse, to rank them among the mad and improper freaks which only those eccentric creatures *les Anglaises* ever indulge in! M. Michelet's "Model Wife" is simply *infirm* in body and soul. Yet, let it be remarked, she *is* the beau ideal of the contemporary Frenchwoman; and, whatever else may have been said of M. Michelet's book in the way of blame, no critic in all France ever suggested that his *female type* was not "adorable," or that his manner of bringing her up or caring for her, was not one worthy of universal imitation.

Let the English reader ask himself what the sons of such a mother as M. Michelet's "Model Wife" would be likely to be.

We disclaim all desire to "preach," or unnecessarily to run down our neighbors, and all wish to "prove" any pet theory. We have merely thought a few moments might not be wasted in obtaining a nearer insight into certain details of social life in France. No one can say we shall *never* be brought into collision with the French nation, or that it can *never* be of any importance to us to know what is the *relative worth* of the two races, and in what particular points we should be likely in a serious struggle to show ourselves superior to them. Besides, whatever *is really true* is really instructive. It may, therefore, not be uninteresting to compare our countrymen and women with the people of France, and the French men and women of this day with those of a hundred and fifty years since. A very few facts will suffice to demonstrate that the British race has gone on modifying and improving itself, whilst still remaining at bottom what it was under glorious Queen Bess; and, on the other hand, it is as easy to show that the French race is *not* the same as it was under Henri IV., or under the Fronde. It is not "modified;" it is radically changed. Is it "improved?" This is a question we will not take upon ourselves to answer, but leave to individual appreciation, only begging our readers to meditate upon the following few words:

England has slowly *adapted* all her old institutions to the exigencies of modern times, and has overthrown scarcely one; France has *overthrown every* institution she possessed. How have the two systems acted upon the two races? Which is the freer? which the more powerful? which the happier of the two?

A. D.

*There can be no means of exaggerating the avidity that is set forth on these sad occasions in France, and sons who have been the most submissive during a parent's life will, at his death, haggle like Jews with their brethren over every threadbare raiment that may be left. They will have the value of everything up to the last penny.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE KNITTING DONE.

In that same juncture of time when the Fifty-Two awaited their fate, Madame Defarge held darkly ominous counsel with The Vengeance and Jacques Three of the Revolutionary Jury. Not in the wine-shop did Madame Defarge confer with these ministers, but in the shed of the wood-sawyer, erst a mender of roads. The sawyer himself did not participate in the conference, but abided at a little distance, like an outer satellite who was not to speak until required, or to offer an opinion until invited.

"But our Defarge," said Jacques Three, "is undoubtedly a good Republican? Eh?"

"There is no better," the voluble Vengeance protested in her shrill notes, "in France."

"Peace, little Vengeance," said Madame Defarge, laying her hand with a slight frown on her lieutenant's lips, "hear me speak. My husband, fellow-citizen, is a good Republican and a bold man; he has deserved well of the Republic, and possesses its confidence. But my husband has his weaknesses, and he is so weak as to relent toward this Doctor."

"It is a great pity," croaked Jacques Three, dubiously shaking his head, with his cruel fingers at his hungry mouth; "it is not quite like a good citizen; it is a thing to regret."

"See you," said madame, "I care nothing for this Doctor, I. He may wear his head or lose it for any interest I have in him; it is all one to me. But the Evremonde people are to be exterminated, and the wife and child must follow the husband and father."

"She has a fine head for it," croaked Jacques Three. "I have seen blue eyes and golden hair there, and they looked charming when Samson held them up." Ogre that he was, he spoke like an epicure.

Madame Defarge cast down her eyes, and reflected a little.

"The child also," observed Jacques Three, with a meditative enjoyment of his words, "has golden hair and blue eyes. And we seldom have a child there. It is a pretty sight!"

"In a word," said Madame Defarge, coming out of her short abstraction, "I cannot trust my husband in this matter. Not only do I feel, since last night, that I dare not confide to him the details of my projects; but also I feel that if I delay there is danger of his giving warning, and then they might escape."

"That must never be," croaked Jacques Three; "no one must escape. We have not half enough as it is. We ought to have six score a day."

"In a word," Madame Defarge went on, "my husband has not my reason for pursuing this family to annihilation, and I have not his reason for regarding this Doctor with any sensibility. I must act for myself, therefore. Come hither, little citizen."

The wood-sawyer, who held her in the re-

spect, and himself in the submission, of mortal fear, advanced with his hand to his red cap.

"Touching those signals, little citizen," said Madame Defarge, sternly, "that she made to the prisoners; you are ready to bear witness to them this very day?"

"Ay, ay; why not?" cried the sawyer.—"Every day, in all weathers, from two to four, always signalling, sometimes with the little one, sometimes without. I know what I know, I have seen with my eyes."

He made all manner of gestures while he spoke, as if in incidental imitation of some few of the great diversity of signals that he had never seen.

"Clearly plots," said Jacques Three.—"Transparently!"

"There is no doubt of the Jury?" inquired Madame Defarge, letting her eyes turn to him with a gloomy smile.

"Rely upon the patriotic Jury, dear citizeness. I answer for my fellow-Jurymen."

"Now, let me see," said Madame Defarge, pondering again. "Yet once more! Can I spare this Doctor to my husband? I have no feeling either way. Can I spare him?"

"He would count as one head," observed Jacques Three, in a low voice. "We really have not heads enough; it would be a pity, I think."

"He was signaling with her when I saw her," argued Madame Defarge: "I can not speak of one without the other; and I must not be silent and trust the case wholly to him, this little citizen here. For I am not a bad witness."

The Vengeance and Jacques Three vied with each other in their fervent protestations that she was the most admirable and marvelous of witnesses. The little citizen, not to be outdone, declared her to be a celestial witness.

"He must take his chance," said Madame Defarge. "No; I can not spare him! You are engaged at three o'clock; you are going to see the batch of to-day executed. You!"

The question was addressed to the wood-sawyer, who hurriedly replied in the affirmative; seizing the occasion to add that he was the most ardent of Republicans, and that he would be in effect the most desolate of Republicans, if anything prevented him from enjoying the pleasure of smoking his afternoon pipe in the contemplation of the droll national barber. He was so very demonstrative herein, that he might have been suspected (perhaps was, by the dark eyes that looked contemptuously at him out of Madame Defarge's head,) of having his small individual fears for his own personal safety, every hour in the day.

"I," said madame, "am equally engaged at the same place. After it is over—say at eight to-night—come you to me, in Saint Antoine, and we will give information against these people at my Section."

The wood-sawyer said he would be proud and flattered to attend the citizeness. The citizeness looking at him, he became embarrassed, evaded her glance as a small dog would have done, retreated among his wood, and hid his confusion over the handle of his saw.

Madame Defarge beckoned the Juryman and The Vengeance a little nearer to the door, and there expounded her further views to them thus—

"She will now be at home, awaiting the moment of his death. She will be mourning and grieving. She will be in a state of mind to impeach the justice of the Republic. She will be full of sympathy with its enemies. I will go to her."

"What an admirable woman! what an adorable woman!" exclaimed Jacques Three, rapturously. "Ah, my cherished!" cried The Vengeance, and embraced her.

"Take you my knitting," said Madame Defarge, placing it in her lieutenant's hands, "and have it ready for me in my usual seat. Keep me my usual chair. Go you there, straight, for there will probably be a greater concourse than usual, to-day."

"I willingly obey the orders of my Chief," said The Vengeance, with alacrity, and kissing her cheek. "You will not be late?"

"I shall be there before the commencement."

"And before the tumbrils arrive. Be sure you are there, my soul," said The Vengeance, calling after her, for she had already turned into the street, "before the tumbrils arrive!"

Madame Defarge slightly waved her hand to imply that she heard, and might be relied upon to arrive in good time, and so went through the mud, and round the corner of the prison wall. The Vengeance and the Juryman, looking after her as she walked away, were highly appreciative of her fine figure and her superb moral endowments.

There were many women at that time upon whom the time laid a dreadfully disfiguring hand; but there was not one among them more to be dreaded than this ruthless woman, now taking her way along the streets. Of a strong and fearless character, of shrewd sense and readiness, of great determination, of that kind of beauty which not only seems to impart to its possessor firmness and animosity, but to strike into others an instinctive recognition of those qualities; the troubled time would have heaved her up under any circumstances. But imbued from her childhood with a brooding sense of wrong, and an inveterate hatred of a class, opportunity had developed her into a tigress. She was absolutely without pity. If she had ever had the virtue in her it had quite gone out of her.

It was nothing to her that an innocent man was to die for the sins of his forefathers; she saw, not him, but them. It was nothing to her that his wife was to be made a widow and his daughter an orphan; that was insufficient punishment, because they were her natural enemies and her prey, and as such had no right to live. To appeal to her was made hopeless by her having no sense of pity, even for herself. If she had been laid low in the streets, in any of the many encounters in which she had been engaged, she would not have pitied herself; nor, if she had been ordered to the axe to-morrow, would she have gone to it with any softer feeling than a fierce desire to change places with the man who sent her there.

Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Carelessly worn, it was a becoming robe enough in its way, and her dark hair looked well under her coarse red cap. Lying hidden in her bosom was a loaded pistol. Lying by her waist was a sharpened dagger. Thus accoutred, and walking with the confidence of such a character, and with the freedom of a woman who had habituated herself in her girlhood, barefoot and bare-armed on the brown sea-sand, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets.

Now when the journey of the travelling coach, at that very moment waiting for the completion of its load, was planned out last night, the difficulty Miss Pross had in it had much engaged Mr. Lorry's attention. It was not merely desirable in overloading the coach, but it was of the last importance that the time occupied in loading it and its passengers should be reduced to the utmost, since their escape might depend on the saving of only a few seconds here and there. Finally, he had proposed, after mature consideration, that Miss Pross and Jerry, who were at liberty to leave the city, should do it at three o'clock in the lightest-running conveyance known to that period. Unencumbered with luggage, they would soon overtake the coach, and, passing it and preceding it on the road, would order its horses in advance, and greatly facilitate its progress during precious hours of the night, when delays were most to be dreaded.

Seeing in this arrangement a hope of rendering real service in that pressing emergency, Miss Pross hailed it with joy. She and Jerry had beheld the coach start, known who it was that Solomon brought, and passed some ten minutes in torturing doubt of safety, and were now concluding their arrangements to follow the coach, even as Madame Defarge, taking her way through the streets, drew nearer and nearer to the close-deserted house in which they held their consultation.

"Now what do you think, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose agitation was so great that she could hardly speak, and even move, or live; "what do you think we had better do, not starting from this court-yard? Even our carriage having already gone from here, it might awaken suspicion."

"My opinion, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "is as you're right. Likewise I'll stand by you, right or wrong."

"I am so distracted with fear and hope for our precious creatures," said Miss Pross, wildly crying, "that I am incapable of forming any plan. Are you capable of forming any plan, my dear good Mr. Cruncher?"

"Respectin' a future spear, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "I hope Respectin' any present use o' this here old head o' mine, I think not. Would do me the favor, miss, to take notice o' promises and vows wot it is my wishes for Providence in this here crisis."

"Oh, for gracious sake!" cried Miss Pross, still wildly crying, "record me, at once, and get them out of the way, like excellent man."

"First," said Mr. Cruncher, who was all in a tremble, and who spoke with shaky and solemn visage, "them poor things well out o' this, never no more will I do never no more!"

"I am quite sure, Mr. Cruncher," returned Miss Pross, "that you never will again, whatever it is, and I beg you to think it necessary to mention more particularly what it is."

"No, miss," returned Jerry, "shall not be named to you. Second: them poor things well out o' this, and never no more will I interfere with Mrs. Cruncher's flopping, never no more!"

"Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be," said Miss Pross, striving to dry her eyes and compose herself, "I have no doubt it is best that Mrs. Cruncher should have it entirely under her own superintendence—Oh, my poor darlings!"

"I go so far as to say, miss, whatever," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with a solemn tendency to hold forth as from a pit, "and let my words be took down and sent to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself—that my opinions respectin' flopping has undergone a change, and that wot I only hope with all my heart as Mrs. Cruncher may be flopping at the present time."

"There, there, there! I hope it is, my dear man," cried the distracted Miss Pross, "and I hope she finds it answering expectations."

"Forbid it," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with additional solemnity, additional slowness, and additional tendency to hold forth and hold out, "as anything wot I have ever said or done should be visited on my earnest wishes for them poor creeturs now! Forbid as we shouldn't all flop (if it was any convenient) to get 'em out o' this in dismal risk! Forbid it, miss! Wot I say for—and it!" This was Mr. Cruncher's conclusions after a protracted but vain endeavor to find a better one.

And still Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If we ever get back to our native land," said Miss Pross, "you may rely upon my telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have so impressively said; and at all events you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time. Now, pray, let us think! My dearest Mr. Cruncher, let us think!"

Still, Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If you were to go before," said Miss Pross, "and stop the vehicle and horses from coming here, and were to wait somewhere near me; wouldn't that be best?"

Mr. Cruncher thought it might be best.

"Where could you wait for me?" asked Miss Pross.

Mr. Cruncher was so bewildered that he could think of no locality but Temple Bar. Alas, Temple Bar was hundreds of miles away, and Madame Defarge was drawing very near indeed.

"By the cathedral door," said Miss Pross. "Would it be much out of the way to take me in near the great cathedral door between the two towers?"

"No, miss," answered Mr. Cruncher.

"Then, like the best of men," said Miss Pross, "go to the post-house straight and make that change."

"I am doubtful," said Mr. Cruncher, hesitating and shaking his head, "about leaving of you, you see. We don't know what may happen."

"Heaven knows we don't," returned Miss Pross, "but have no fear for me. Take me in at the cathedral, at Three o'clock or as near it as you can, and I am sure it will be better than our going from here. I feel certain of it. There! Bless you, Mr. Cruncher! Think—not of me, but of the lives that may depend on both of us!"

This exordium, and Miss Pross's two hands in quite agonized entreaty clasping his, decided Mr. Cruncher. With an encouraging nod or two he immediately went out to alter the arrangements, and left her by herself to follow as she had proposed.

The having originated a precaution which was already in course of execution was a great relief to Miss Pross. The necessity of composing her appearance so that it should attract no special notice in the streets was another relief. She looked at her watch, and it was twenty minutes past two. She had no time to lose, but must get ready at once.

Afraid, in her extreme perturbation, of the loneliness of the deserted rooms, and of half-imagined faces peeping from behind every open door in them, Miss Pross got a basin of cold water and began laving her eyes, which were swollen and red. Haunted by her feverish apprehensions, she could not bear to have her sight obscured for a minute at a time by the dripping water, but constantly paused and looked round to see that there was no one watching her. In one of those pauses she recoiled and cried out, for she saw a figure standing in the room.

The basin fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge. By wild, wild ways, and through much staining blood, those feet had come to meet that water.

Madame Defarge looked coldly at her, and said, "The wife of Evremonde, where is she?"

It flashed upon Miss Pross's mind that the doors were all standing open, and would suggest the flight. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room, and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the chamber which Lucie had occupied.

Madame Defarge's dark eyes followed her through this rapid movement, and rested on her when it was finished. Miss Pross had nothing beautiful about her; years had not tamed the wildness, or softened the grimness, of her appearance; but she too was a determined woman in her different way, and she measured Madame Defarge with her eyes, every inch.

"You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer," said Miss Pross, in her breathing. "Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman."

Madame Defarge looked at her scornfully, but still with something of Miss Pross's own perception that they two were at bay. She saw a tight, hard, wiry woman before her, as Mr. Lorry had seen in the same figure a woman with a strong hand, in the years gone by. She knew full well that Miss Pross was the family's devoted friend; Miss Pross knew full well that Madame Defarge was the family's malevolent enemy.

"On my way yonder," said Madame Defarge with a slight movement of her hand toward the fatal spot, "where they reserve my chair and my knitting for me, I am come to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her."

"I know that your intentions are evil," said Miss Pross, "and you may depend upon it I'll hold my own against them."

Each spoke in her own language; neither understood the other's words; both were very watchful, and intent to deduce from look and manner what the unintelligible words meant.

"It will do her no good to keep herself concealed from me at this moment," said Madame Defarge. "Good patriots will know what that means. Let me see her. Go tell her that I wish to see her. Do you hear?"

"If those eyes of yours were basilisks," returned Miss Pross, "and I was an English four-poster, they shouldn't look a splinter of me. No, you wicked foreign woman; I am your match."

Madame Defarge was not likely to follow these idiomatic remarks in detail; but she so far understood them as to perceive that she was set at naught.

"Woman imbecile and pig-like!" said Madame Defarge, frowning. "I take no answer from you! I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her!" This with an angry explanatory wave of her right arm.

"I little thought," said Miss Pross, "that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language; but I would give all I have, to the very clothes I wear, to know whether you suspect the truth, or any part of it."

Neither of them for a single moment released the other's eyes. Madame Defarge had not moved from the spot where she stood when Miss Pross first became aware of her; but she now advanced one step.

"I am a Briton," said Miss Pross. "I am desperate. I don't care an English Twopence for myself. I know that the longer I keep you here, the greater hope there is for my Lady-bird. I'll not leave a handful of that dark hair upon your head, if you lay a finger on me!"

Thus Miss Pross, with a shake of her head and a flash of her eyes between every rapid sentence, and every rapid sentence, a whole breath. Thus Miss Pross, who had never struck a blow in her life.

But her courage was of that emotional nature that it brought the irrepressible tears into her eyes. This is a courage that Madame Defarge so little comprehended as to mistake for weakness.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed, "you poor wretch! What are you worth! I address myself to that Doctor." Then she raised her voice and called out, "Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evremonde! Child of Evremonde! Any person but this miserable fool, answer the Citizeness Defarge!"

Perhaps the following silence, perhaps some latent disclosure in the expression of Miss Pross's face, perhaps a sudden misgiving apart from either suggestion, whispered to Madame Defarge that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in.

"Those rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look."

"Never!" said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.

"If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back," said Madame Defarge to herself.

"As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not you are uncertain what to do," said Miss Pross to *herself*; "and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that, or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you."

"I have been in the streets from the first, nothing has stopped me, I will tear you to pieces but I will have you from that door," said Madame Defarge.

"We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary court-yard, we are not likely to be heard, and I pray for bodily strength to keep you here while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling," said Miss Pross.

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms, and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike; Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, so much stronger than hate, clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge buffeted and tore at her face; but Miss Pross, with her head down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.

Soon Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and felt at her encircled waist.

"It is under my arm," said Miss Pross, in smothered tones; "you shall not draw it. I am stronger than you; I bless you for it. I am stronger than you; I bless Heaven for it. I'll hold you till one or other of us faints or dies!"

Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a flash and a crash, and stood alone blinded with smoke.

All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it passed out on the air like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay lifeless on the ground.

In the first fright and horror of her situation Miss Pross passed the body as far from it as she could, and ran down the stairs to call for fruitless help. Happily she bethought herself of the consequences of what she did in time to check herself and go back. It was dreadful to go in at the door again; but she did go in, and even went near it, to get the bonnet and other things that she must wear. These she put on, out on the staircase, first shutting and locking the door, and taking away the key. She then sat down on the stairs a few moments, to breathe and to cry, and then got up and hurried away.

By good fortune she had a veil on her bonnet, or she could hardly have gone along the streets without being stopped. By good fortune, too, she was naturally so peculiar in appearance as not to show disfigurement like any other woman. She needed both advantages, for the marks of griping fingers were deep in her face, and her hair was torn, and her dress (hastily composed with unsteady hands) was clutched and dragged a hundred ways.

In crossing the bridge she dropped the door-key in the river. Arriving at the cathedral door some few minutes before her escort, and waiting there, she thought, what if the key were already taken in a net, what if it were identified, what if the door were opened and the remains discovered, what if she were stopped at the gate, sent to prison, and charged with murder! In the midst of these fluttering thoughts the escort appeared, took her in, and took her away.

"Is there any noise in the streets?" she asked him.

"The usual noises," Mr. Cruncher replied; and looked surprised by the question and by her aspect.

"I don't hear you," said Miss Pross.—"What do you say?"

It was in vain for Mr. Cruncher to repeat what he said; Miss Pross could not hear him.

"So I'll nod my head," thought Mr. Cruncher, amazed; "at all events she'll see that." And she did.

"Is there any noise in the streets now?" asked Miss Pross again, presently.

Again Mr. Cruncher nodded his head.

"I don't hear it."

"Gone deaf in an hour?" said Mr. Cruncher, ruminating, with his mind much disturbed; "wot's come to her?"

"I feel," said Miss Pross, "as if there had been a flash and a crash, and that crash was the last thing I should ever hear in this life."

"Blest if she ain't in a queer condition!" said Mr. Cruncher, more and more disturbed. "Wot can she have been a takin', to keep her courage up? Hark! There's the roll of them dreadful carts! You can hear that, miss?"

"I can hear," said Miss Pross, seeing that he spoke to her, "nothing. Oh! my good man, there was first a great crash, and then a great stillness, that stillness seems to be fixed and unchangeable, never to be broken any more as long as my life lasts!"

"If she don't hear the roll of those dreadful carts, now very nigh their journey's end," said Mr. Cruncher, glancing over his shoulder, "it's my opinion that indeed she never will hear anything else in this world."

And indeed she never did.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The soul is a prisoner that always kills its gaoler when it makes its escape.

NEWS ITEMS.

JEROME BONAPARTE, of Baltimore, who recently returned to the United States, has refused the dignity of Senator of France, offered to him by his father, Prince Jerome, in order to induce him to remain in France. Mr. Bonaparte preferred the simple title of American citizen to that of Senator of France. After the efforts made by the American branch of the Bonapartes to obtain recognition as legitimate members of the imperial family, the news of this refusal will create some surprise.

THE Hon. Edward Stanley, late of North Carolina, but now of California, is said to be about to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

LOSS OF THE INDIAN.—The steamship Indian, of the Liverpool and Canadian Company, was wrecked on her passage to this country from Liverpool. She went ashore on the morning of the 21st, off Mary Joseph, Guysboro, N. S. Three men were lost at the time of the wreck, and two boats loaded with passengers are missing. She left Liverpool on the 9th. It is possible that the mails and correspondence by her may have been saved. The line generally brings large numbers of passengers. She had but 38 passengers aboard, and her crew numbered 100 men. 24 persons had been rescued by the schooner Alexander, and taken to Halifax. The number lost is not known.

——By later advices, it is believed that but 24, or at the most, 27 souls, were lost, and the most of these were drowned when the ship parted in two. Many of the passengers who were saved were robbed of all their baggage by the people on shore, and left utterly destitute. The Gladiator has brought all the saved into Halifax.

THE upper Missouri and Mississippi are gorged with ice, and boats are delayed. Above Nebraska city, on the Missouri, there is a gorge full five miles long.

FLOGGING IN THE STATE PRISON.—Yesterday, the House of Representatives, on motion of Mr. Hinckley, of Barnstable, abolished the provision of law authorizing flogging in the State Prison.—*Boston Traveller.*

MR. HOTT, one of Brown's counsel, is in Cleveland, Ohio, getting affidavits of the acquaintances of Brown, in regard to his insanity. A large number of affidavits have been prepared at Akron, Hudson, Cleveland, &c., by men who have known Brown for many years, declaring that he is a monomania upon the subject of slavery. They will be submitted to Gov. Wise.

AN UNLUCKY MISTAKE.—A German doctor at Cottonwood, Kansas, recently took, by mistake, a potion which he had prepared for a patient and—died.

AN UNCOMMON SIGHT.—Ice formed in the streets of Savannah, Ga., on the night of the 14th ult.

DISABILITY OF WITNESSES.—The Massachusetts Senate has adopted an amendment to its laws, which removes the disability to receive the testimony of atheists in its courts of law. The amendment provides that "every person not a believer in any religion, shall be required to testify truly under pains and penalties of perjury." To this an amendment was adopted as follows: "And the evidence of such person's disbelief in the existence of God may be received to affect their credibility as witnesses." The latter clause of the amendment was adopted by a vote of 10 to 7. The vote upon the amendment as amended was 13 to 13, and it was adopted by the casting vote of the President.

A LADY DRUGGED AND ROBBED.—Mrs. George B. Nichols, of Bridgeport, Conn., arrived in this city, via the Michigan Central Railway, on the way to Galveston, Texas. She states that she and her son, aged seven years, entered the sleeping car on Thursday and took a berth. She had with her one hundred dollars in gold, which, for safe keeping, she had sewed inside the bosom of her dress. A short time after she went into the sleeping car she was attracted by the entrance of a fashionably dressed woman, who was so highly perfumed as to fill the car with her fragrance. This was the last she remembered until the conductor aroused her from her stupor to change cars, when she discovered that her dress had been cut open and her money stolen.—*Chicago Press, Nov. 19th.*

OWEN BROWN.—There were three sons of John Brown with him at Harper's Ferry. Two were killed in the affray—one was killed in the engine-house, and the other died of his wounds a few days subsequent to the affair. These two were Oliver Brown and Watson Brown. The third one, Owen Brown, escaped, and we have it from a source correctly informed that he is safe from the reach of pursuers. Whether he was buried in Pennsylvania by fugitive slaves as was Merriam, who a few days since turned up in Canada, we can't say; but he got safely away, either on an under-ground or upper-ground railway.—*Cleveland Herald.*

NARROW ESCAPE.—On the 11th inst., the family of Mrs. Way, residing near Carmichaels, Greene county, Pa., and five others, ten in all, were taken with all the symptoms of poison, after dinner, but by timely antidotes they all recovered. The poison was in the flour and sugar used in cooking.

THE BIG SHIP.—It is stated that $600,000 have been realized by the exhibition of the Great Eastern, since she was launched.

A NICE DISTINCTION.—It has been decided in an English court that a race against time is a legal game, and not horse-racing within the meaning of the statute. Bets in a race against time are consequently recoverable by law.

USE FOR DOGS.—All the dogs killed in Cleveland, Ohio, last season, were skinned and the skins sold to a glove manufactory in Litchfield, Medina county, where they were converted into *kid* and *buckskin*.

FALSELY PACKED AND SANDY COTTON.—The Memphis Enquirer says:—"An instance of this kind occurred the other day, fifteen bales being returned from a Northern manufactory, to the purchaser in this city. The bales are represented as having been plated to the depth of six inches with fine cotton, the classification for which they were sold, while the great bulk of them were poor cottons, impregnated with sand, dust and trash."

WE did not give all the news of the banishment of Crinoline by the Empress Eugenie. It is now our joyful duty to add, that at the request of her Majesty, which at Court amounts to a command, for promenades in ordinary toilettes, *mousseline de lain* has been adopted. All dresses will be of this material, but not long and trailing. They are to be short, so as to show the lower part of the leg a little.

A SUNDAY cotemporary talks about some forthcoming "Lilliputian nuptials," and thus reveals itself: "General Thomas Thumb, who, although barely knee-high to a grasshopper, made a very tall fortune for P. T. Barnum and a snug one for himself, is about to unite himself in the bands of holy wedlock with a lady of youth and beauty. The authorities differ about her height, and it is variously stated as three feet six and six feet three."

A DESPATCH from General Scott to the War Department, dated Straits of Fucas, Oct. 27, says:—"Two days ago, I despatched from Fort Townsend, a communication to Gov. Douglas, proposing a temporary adjustment on the basis suggested by the President in his instructions to me.

"There has been no answer yet. No doubt the proposition will be accepted. Everything is tranquil in these islands."

DISCOVERY OF PIKES AT LAFAYETTE, INDIANA.—A descent was made on the 26th, on the premises of Alfred Cook, a colored man, of Lafayette, to arrest a fugitive slave, supposed to be concealed there. The slave was not found, but a large number of pikes were discovered in the cellar. Cook had previously been frequently seen in consultation with a man by the name of Brown. Neither of them has been arrested.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

NEW YORK.—At length we have the official returns of the late election in the State of New York for State officers. Three of the Democratic candidates (who were supported by the Americans) are elected. Jones (Dem.) for Secretary of State has a majority of 1,468; Richmond (Dem.) has a majority of 1,120; Skinner (Dem.) has a majority of 314.

The other six candidates on the State ticket were elected by the Republicans. Five, who were on the American ticket also, have majorities ranging from 45,050 to 49,249. The other, Forrest, has a majority over both Democrats and Americans of 672.

NEW JERSEY.—The official returns are as follows:—Olden (Opp.) 53,367; Wright (Dem.) 51,738. Olden's majority 1,629.

NEW YORK CITY.—There are four candidates in the field for Mayor:—Havemeyer (Tammany Dem.), Fernando Wood (Mozart Hall Dem.), Opdyke (Repub.), and Ogden (old line Whig).

AFFAIRS in Mexico have taken another turn. By an arrival at Mobile, from Vera Cruz, reports reach us that President Miramon had joined Marquez, and that both had fled the country on board a British steamer, taking two millions of specie seized by Marques, whereupon Miramon's army had pronounced for Santa Anna.

☞ Longfellow asks "what a single rose on a lady's forehead indicates." To which the Louisville Journal replies, that it "probably means that, if she is kissed, it must be under the rose."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The sales of Flour comprise some 6000 bbls, mostly taken for shipment, at $5,25 for good straight superfine, $5,56½@5,75 for extras, and $6@6,50 for extra family and fancy brands, as in quality, including some lots of the latter at a price kept private, 100 bbls Brandywine at $5,75, and 100 half bbls of city mills superfine at $5,62½ the pair. The trade have been buying to a moderate extent within the above range of prices, according to brand and quality. Rye Flour is scarce and wanted, and all offered, some 200 bbls, found buyers at $4,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and about 300 bbls Penna only was disposed of at $3,37½ ₱ bbl. The stock is light.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat, and prices, at the close, are rather better, the week's sales reach about 24,000 bushels, in lots, mostly reds, within the range of 127@130c, the latter for prime Southern and Penna, including choice at 1@2c more, and White at 140@145c, as in quality, the latter for prime. Rye is better, and all offered found ready sale at 92@93c for Penna, closing scarce at the latter rate. Corn—New Yellow is coming in more freely, but most of the offerings are too damp for shipment, and very unsalable; about 25,000 bus have been disposed of at from 65 to 75c for new Yellow, as to condition, the latter for prime dry lots afloat, including old and new mixed at 78@80c, and old at 90@92c. Oats are better, and about 20,000 bus sold at 41@42c for Southern, and 43@44c for Penna, closing at the highest figures. Of Barley and Malt the sales have been limited, and prices on the advance, with but little coming forward.

PROVISIONS—The market continues pretty much at a stand still, the stocks in the dealers' hands being nearly exhausted, and Mess Pork is selling in a small way at $15,50@16 ₱ bbl, cash and time. Mess Beef is held at $12@15 ₱ bbl, but the demand is limited. Of Bacon the sales have been light, mostly to go south, at 10½c for Sides, at 8½c for Shoulders, short time. Hams are quoted at 12@13c. Green Meats are quiet, but holders are firm in their views, with but few offering, and in the absence of sales, quotations are nearly nominal. Lard is steady at 10½@11c for bbls and tcs, and 11½@12c for kegs, and not much doing. Butter is dull; roll selling slowly at 15@17c, and packed at 10@12c ₱ lb. Cheese no change. Eggs are worth 19@20c ₱ doz.

BARK—Some further small receipts and sales of fine Ground Quercitron have been made at $28 for 1st No 1, but other kinds are not wanted, and very dull, and No 2 is offered at $24@25 ₱ ton.—No change in Tanners' Bark, and but little selling.

BEESWAX is inquired for, and some 3000 lbs Yellow sold at 34c ₱ lb.

COAL—Orders come in slowly, and the market is dull at the late advance. Prices, however, are unchanged, and there is very little Coal going East, the receipts being mostly to supply the home trade, the demand for which has also fallen off.

COFFEE—There has been very little movement in the market, but holders are firm in their views, and the sales only reach about 1500 bags, in lots, mostly Rio, at from 11½ to 12½c, including some Laguayra at from 9½ to 13½c, as in quality, all on time.

COPPER continues dull, and the sales are confined to Yellow Metal, of which about 2500 sheets sold at 20c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—There has been rather more doing, and the market is unchanged, the sales reaching about 1100 bales, in lots, at from 11½ to 12½c, cash and time, mostly at 12@12½c for good middling and middling fair Uplands, cash.

FEATHERS are coming in slowly, and further sales of good Western are reported at 48@50c ₱ lb, cash and time.

FRUIT—Sales of Green Apples at $2@4; Cranberries at $14@16 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples at 5@6c, and Peaches at 7@13c ₱ lb, as in quality.

HEMP—There is no change in domestic, and a small business doing. In foreign we notice an advance in Jute, which is held higher.

HIDES are dull, and the only sale we hear of is about 200 salted Porto Cabello at a price kept private. There are no farther arrivals to notice.

HOPS are unchanged, and a small business doing at 13@18c for common to prime Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is some little inquiry for Pig Metal, but generally at a price below the views of holders, and sales of some 500 tons Anthracite are reported in lots at $23½ for No 1, and 22½ for No 2, on time; 500 tons Forge also sold to go West at $23, 6 mos, delivered at Pittsburg. Scotch Pig is held at $24, on time, for whole lots. Blooms and Boiler Plates are dull. In Bars and Rails there is very little doing. Sales of 300 tons of the latter, however, are reported at $50, cash, for American.

LEAD continues in light stock and firm, and we are only advised of a further small sale of Virginia at $5,75 the 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—There is some little demand for good stock, the prices of which are steady, but buyers come forward slowly, and the market has been quiet this week.

LUMBER—There has been a little more doing this week, without any changes to note in the prices of White Pine Boards, which range at from $13 to $17; we quote Yellow Sap do at $14@15. A cargo of Laths sold at $2 ₱ M, and some Cypress Shingles at $12 for two feet, and $18 for long do.

MOLASSES is firm, with further sales of Cuba at 22c for tart, and 26@28c for Muscovado, on time. A small lot of new crop Orleans, the first of the season, sold at 55c, usual credit.

PLASTER—There is little or none offering or selling, and it is quoted at $2,75@3.

SEEDS—There has been a fair demand for Clover-seed, and sales and re-sales of 4000 bus are reported at $5@5,25 from first, and $5,44@5,50 ₱ bus from second hands, including some old at $4,50 ₱ bus. Timothy is but little inquired for, and prime Seed is held at $2,50 ₱ bus, without sales.—Of Flaxseed further sales of domestic are reported at $1,55 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Gins are quiet. N E Rum is selling in lots at 36c. Whiskey is dull. Brandy has been selling at 24½@25c; bbds 26c; Penna bbls 26½@27c; Prime do 27c, and Ohio at 26½@27½c, as to the condition of the pkgs.

SUGARS—Sales of 250 bbds, mostly Cuba, at 6½@7¼c, including some small lots new crop Orleans, the first arrival of the season, at 8½c for prime on the usual credit; some small sales of box Sugars were also made on terms kept private; the refiners have put up their prices.

TALLOW is dull and drooping, and city is quoted at 10½c, with a small business doing.

TOBACCO—There is no change in the market, and but little doing in the way of sales.

WOOL—The market is quiet. There is no change in prices, and the sales of domestic have been mostly in a small way, within the range of quotations. A sale of 200 bales foreign Wool, Australian, was made at a price kept private, on time.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. R. JAMES.	MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS.	AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."
ALFRED TENNYSON.	AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES READE.	GRACE GREENWOOD.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.	MISS PARDOE.
CHARLES MACKAY.	FLORENCE PERCY.
WILKIE COLLINS.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS
DR. O. W. HOLMES.	EMMA ALICE BROWN
T. S. ARTHUR.	AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET."
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c.	MRS. M. A. DENISON.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.	FANNY M. RAYMOND.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.	NORA PERRY.
OWEN MEREDITH.	ISA CRAIG.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.")	MISS MARTINEAU.
LIEUT. HABERSHAM.	

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

TERMS—ENGRAVINGS.

HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

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One Copy of THE POST and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	3,00 "
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CLUBS.

2	COPIES of THE POST,	$3,00 a year.
8	" (and one of the Engravings to getter up of Club.)	8,00 "
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13	" (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
20	" (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	20,00 "
30	" (and one copy extra, *and* both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	30,00 "

A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

A large and beautiful Engraving on steel, 17 by 22 inches, called "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," will be sent to every subscriber to "THE POST" for 1860, who shall send, in addition to his subscription, the sum of twenty-five cents, to pay the expense of postage, mailing, &c., &c. The retail price of this engraving is FOUR DOLLARS. It is a Gem!

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☞ *Sample Copies of the Post sent gratis when requested.*

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

A LARGE FAMILY.—A correspondent of The Ohio Citizen furnishes the editor of that paper with the following account of a remarkable family, residing at present in Bourbon County, Kentucky, as obtained from the father and sons:—

"The old gentleman is a native of Maryland, and is in his 70th year; was brought to the State of Kentucky when quite young, and has raised his family in the above county, consisting of six sons and three daughters. In the following table the height, weight, and entire age of the family are given:—Father, 6 feet 4 inches, 200 pounds; mother, 6 feet 4 inches, 286 pounds; Thomas, 6 feet 4 inches, 286 pounds; James, 6 feet 6 inches, 215 pounds; Sarah, 6 feet 6 inches, 165 pounds; John, 6 feet 11 inches, 296 pounds; Mary, 6 feet 2 inches, 150 pounds; Elijah, 6 feet 2 inches, 210 pounds; Matthew, 6 feet 2 inches, 220 pounds; Nil, 6 feet 4 inches, 197 pounds; daughter, 6 feet 3 inches, 160 pounds. Height 70 feet. Weight, 2,329 pounds. The family are all living, except the youngest daughter, are all wealthy, and of the first families of Kentucky. I might add, several grandchildren are over 6½ feet, and are still growing."

☞ The affections, like the conscience, are rather to be led than driven; and it is to be feared that they who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.—*Fuller.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

USING GAS FOR COAL.—Quite a number of arrangements have been adopted for burning illuminating gas in fire grates as a substitute for coal fires. Asbestos has been strewed over the grate and the gas allowed to flow through it so as to spread it out in thin streams and produce a beautiful glowing flame. Perforated firebrick and soapstone have also been employed for the same purpose, and all of these seem to answer very well; but M. Ohren, C. E., has published a communication in some of the London periodicals, in which he says that plumbagine is the best substance which he has yet tried in gas grates. This material is the hard coke which adheres to the interior of gas retorts; it is broken into lumps about three cubic inches in size each, and piled carefully in the grate. It absorbs a great quantity of gas, makes a most excellent fire, and throws out a great deal of heat, with a very small consumption. A bushel of it will last in a grate for about three months.

THE CONTRIBUTION BOX IN CALIFORNIA.—Those who go around with the contribution boxes in California churches plead and argue the case to the pews as they go along. In one instance, the following dialogue occurred: Parson L. extended the basket to Bill, and he slowly shook his head. "Come, William, give us something," said the parson. "Can't do it," replied Bill. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" "Yes, but I am not able to give anything." "Poh! poh! I know better; you must give a better reason than that." "Well I owe too much money—I must be just before I am generous, you know." "But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else." "That's true, parson; but then he ain't pushing me like the balance of my creditors!"

THE RUSH AT OAKFORD'S,

For his superior Furs still continues, and no wonder—they are so good and cheap. We advise all our lady readers to go there and buy their Furs; they have the largest and best stock in the city. Remember, OAKFORD'S,
No 624 Chestnut street, below Seventh.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1862		
" " '67	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	103	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	101½
" " new	105½	106
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct, '70	70	—
" coupon	—	55
All'y City 6 pr ct	65	70
" County	—	60
R R issue	42½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93½	93½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	79	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1856	106	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98	98½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	89	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	94½	95
N Y City, 872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	137	139
Philadelphia	134	136
Far & Mec	56½	56
Commercial	48½	49
N Liberty	63	—
Mechanics	28	28½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35½	—
Kensington	64	66
Girard	46	47½
Western	—	66
Man & Mec	25½	26
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	45	46
Consolidation	—	24
Commonwealth	—	246
Corn Exchange	28½	—
Germantown	—	60
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	54	—
Exchange "	14	—
Kentucky, Ky	119	—
Northern "	122	—
Louisville "	115	118
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	103	104
Planters "	110	112
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	26½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	3
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'co	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	31	—
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	89	92

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	100	102½
2nd "	87	87½
stock	57½	57½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1854	—	95
stock	123	123½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	79	80
mort 6's '44	—	90
'44	93½	70
stock	30½	30½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	86½	87
stock	—	39½
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '86	92	—
Chas Val R R, '75	35½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Wilms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	60	80
2nd "	7½	8
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	6	7½
Beaver Meadow stock	58	—
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	8½	8½
6 pr ct loan	69½	61
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	48½	49½
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	86	—
Har & Lan R R stock	56½	60
bonds '83	88	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	16
Long Island R R stock	11	11½
bonds	82	85
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	64	—
Michigan Southern	74	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	69	70
imp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	6	6
preferred	15½	16
Lehigh Nav stock	43½	43½
mort 6 pr ct	90	—
scrip	98	97
Morris Consol'd	49½	50
preferred	107½	110
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	77½	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	—
Aqu & Tidewater bonds, 1878	2	3
	25	28

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Nov. 29, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.		**ALABAMA.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE		**MISSISSIPPI.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		**LOUISIANA.**	
Baltimore	¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**OHIO.**	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
MAINE.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**INDIANA.**	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**ILLINOIS.**	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**MISSOURI.**	
CONNECTICUT		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**WISCONSIN.**	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	**TEXAS.**	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**CANADA.**	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¾ to 1 dis		
GEORGIA.			
Solv bks	1 dis		

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2000 head. For a few of the best lots 9 to 9½c were realized, but the ruling figures were 7 to 9c for good to prime, 6 to 6c for common. Sheep—6650 head arrived, and sold at from 5 to 6c. Cows—100 head were at market, and selling at from $20 to 50, and dry Cows at $15 to 25.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1928 head were at market, and sold at $5 to 7¼ ₱ 100 ℔s net, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Nov. 26.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour has advanced 5@10c; sales of 16,000 bus at $5,10@5,15 for State, $5,60@5,70 for Ohio, and $5,60@5,75 for Southern. Wheat buoyant; sales of 15,000 bus at $1,18 for Chicago Spring. Corn quiet, but steady. Beef firm. Pork quiet at $16 for Mess, and $11,12½@11,25 for Prime. Lard dull. Whiskey dull.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At the Presbyterian Church, Bordentown, N. J. on Tuesday morning, Sept. 6th, 1859, by the Rev. Alden Scovel, Mr. A. R. THORNE, of Trenton, N. J. to Miss ADDIE DE LONG, daughter of Mr. John Buckley, formerly of Pokeepsie, New York.

By the Rev. James M. Crowell, JOSEPH F. LENNARD, to ELVIRA, daughter of Mr. John A. Borden, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Cookman, Mr. JOSEPH C. VOSBIDA, to Miss MARIE ANTOINETTE, eldest daughter of Louis Blanche Esq. of this city, and formerly of Harrisburg, Pa.

On the evening of the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Thos Murphy, Mr. JAMES S. ADAMS, of St. Louis, Mo. to Miss ANNIE, daughter of Wm. Buckius, Esq. of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, at Friends' Meeting House, Haddonfield, N. Jersey, WILLIAM BETTLE, Jr. to MARY, daughter of the late Blakely Sharpless.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Franklin Moore, Mr. SAMUEL W. DE HAVEN, to Miss EMMA THOMPSON, daughter of Joseph H. Thompson, Esq. both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. John J. Murray, Mr. GEORGE CROCK, to Miss CATHARINE DRUM.

On the 13th of April, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. WILLIAM B. PEAK, to Miss LOUISA A. MALL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d ultimo, SAMUEL STEVENSON, of the firm of Stevenson & Bowen, in his 53d year. Pittsburg and Washington, Pa. papers please copy.

On the 23d ultimo, Miss CATHARINE MCCALL, in her 78th year.

On Wednesday, Nov. 23d, ELLA, daughter of Belleville and Martha Machette.

At Lancaster, on the 19th ultimo, MARY MALVINA, wife of Amos S. Henderson, in her 45th year.

At Greenwich, N. J. on the 21st ultimo, of a protracted and distressing disease of body and mind, Mrs. SARAH H. KOLLOCK, wife of the Rev. Dr. Kollock, aged 55 years.

On fourth-day, the 24th ultimo, ANNA NICHOLSON, daughter of Lindsey Nicholson, of this city.

On the morning of the 20th ultimo, MIRA, wife of Saml. Townsend.

On the 18th ultimo, ANDREW MCFARLAND.

On Sunday, the 20th ultimo, EDWIN, son of John S. and Caroline Yardley in his 22d year.

On the 19th ultimo, ALMIRA REED, wife of Roland C. Gregg, aged 28 years.

On the 20th ultimo, ELI HAMER.

On the 13th instant, JAMES H. EVANS, aged 48 years.

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VOLUMES XV. AND XVI.

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It stands among the foremost of our Magazines.—*Times, Delphi, Ind.*

Beyond all doubt the best two dollar monthly in the land.—*Citizen, Urbana, O.*

We look upon this popular work as one of the first in the country.—*Rep., Lancaster, N. Y.*

There is no Magazine in the country we prefer to Arthur's.—*Herald, Marion, Iowa.*

It is pure and good, always aiming to elevate, purify and refine.—*Mail, Waterville, Me.*

It is equal to, and, we were about to say, surpasses, the far-famed "Godey."—*Southern Tier, Belmont, N. Y.*

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We expect to take it until we get too blind from old age to read anything—and then, if any one will read for us, we'll still take it.—*Express, Sullivan, Ill.*

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Commencement of the 20th Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CXV.] **CONTENTS.** [DECEMBER.

WASHINGTON IN 1859.
With Nine Illustrations of the New Public Buildings.
HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA. By THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.
With Sixteen Illustrations.
INSECTS DESTRUCTIVE TO WHEAT.
With Twenty-three Illustrations.
THE ENCHANTED TITAN.
AN ARMISTICE.
THE FORTUNE-TELLER. (Illustrated.)
THE GREAT LIBRARY OF STONEBURGH.
OUR OLD PEW.
WISDOM AND GOODNESS.
REGULAR HABITS. By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.
NOTES OF CHARLES LAMB TO THOMAS ALLSOP. By GEORGE WM. CURTIS.
"VENI, VIDI, VICI."
A BIT OF ANGLING.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
SPRIGGINS'S VOYAGE OF LIFE.
Eighteen Humorous Drawings by MCLENAN.
FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.
With Two Illustrations.

The present Number commences the Twentieth Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. In the introductory Notice prefixed to the first Number, the Publishers announced their intention to present a periodical "which no one who had the slightest relish for miscellaneous reading, or the slightest wish to keep himself informed of the progress and results of the literary genius of his own age, would willingly be without. And they intend to publish it at so low a rate, and to give it a value so much beyond its price, that it shall make its way into the hands or the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States."

How far they have succeeded in carrying out their design the 115 Numbers of the Magazine already published will show. Each of these contains as much matter as an ordinary octavo of 400 pages, costing, if illustrated in the style of the Magazine, at least three dollars. The Nineteen Volumes of the Magazine are thus equivalent to a library of more than a Hundred Volumes, comprising the best productions of the foremost Novelists, Historians, Essayists, and Poets of the day.

Without entering into a comparison with other American periodicals, the Publishers may be permitted to say that HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains 75 per cent. more matter than *Blackwood's, Fraser's* or the *Dublin University Magazine*. While giving place to many of the best productions of European Novelists and Essayists, HARPER'S MAGAZINE regularly furnishes a larger amount of original matter than is contained in any other similar periodical, whether European or American. It has published articles from more than *Two Hundred* American writers, residing in every section, and in almost every State of the Union. By thus welcoming contributions from every part of the country, the Publishers have effectually prevented the Magazine from assuming a sectional character, or becoming the organ of any "mutual admiration" clique or party.

As an *Illustrated Magazine*, HARPER'S is wholly without a rival. The volumes already published have contained more than *Six Thousand* Engravings, most of them executed in the highest style of the art, from Original Drawings by DOPLER, PARSONS, HITCHCOCK, FREDRICKS, WALLIS, THWAITES, HOPPIN, CHAPIN, LOSSING, VOIGT, BELLEW, MCLENAN, STROTHER, HOOPER, DALLAS, and other Artists. For these the Magazine has paid not less than *One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Dollars*. The cost of its literary contributions has considerably exceeded this amount. HARPER'S MAGAZINE has, therefore, in less than ten years, paid more than a *Quarter of a Million of Dollars* to American Authors and Artists.

The Publishers gratefully acknowledge that this large outlay has been remunerative beyond their most sanguine expectations. They hoped from the first that the Magazine would "make its way into the hands or the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States," but the number of these readers has proved far greater than they anticipated. They believe that the circulation of the Magazine will continue to increase with the growth and population of the country. For the spirit and manner in which it will hereafter be conducted, they can offer no better guarantee than the contents of the Volumes already issued.

While the Magazine will continue to be sustained by the writers whose papers have gained for it its distinctive character, a hearty welcome will be given to new Authors. Almost every Number has introduced fresh names to the reading public; and the Editors trust that their list of Contributors will be yet more enlarged.

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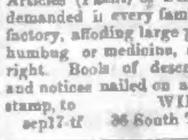

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THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS, FOR 1860.

THE SIXTH NUMBER of this work is now ready, and presents features of no less attractiveness

MAUDE CLARE.

The fields were white with lily-buds,
White gleamed the lilied beck;
Each mated pigeon plumed the pomp
Of his metallic neck.

She followed his bride into the church,
With a lofty step and mien:
His bride was like a village maid,
Maude Clare was like a queen.

The minstrels made loud marriage din;
Each guest sat in his place,
To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
To do the wedding grace;

To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
To sing, and laugh, and jest:
One only neither ate nor drank,
Nor clapped her hands, nor blessed.

My lord was pale with inward strife,
And Nell was pale with pride;
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
Or ever he kissed the bride.

No eyes were fixed upon the bride,
Or on the bridegroom more,
All eyes were fixed on grand Maude Clare,
While she looked straight before.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,
Have brought my gift," she said—
To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain
You wore about your neck,
That day we waded ankle-deep
For lilies in the beck:

"Here's my half of the faded leaves
We plucked from bedding bough,
With feet amongst the lily-leaves,—
The lilies are budding now."

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,
With smiles, almost with tears,
"May Nell and you but live as true
As we have done for years;

"Your father, thirty years ago,
Had just your tale to tell;
But he was not so pale as you,
Nor I so pale as Nell."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
He faltered in his place:
"Lady," he said,—"Maude Clare," he said,
"Maude Clare,"—and hid his face.

She turned to Nell: "My Lady Nell,
I have a gift for you,
Though, were it fruit, the bloom were gone,
Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,
Mine of a paltry love:
Take it, or leave it, as you will,
I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,
And what you spurn I'll wear,
For he's my lord for better and worse,
And him I love, Maude Clare.

"Yes, though you're taller by the head,
More wise, and much more fair;
I'll love him till he loves me best—
Me best of all, Maude Clare!"

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Wit and Humor.

A NEAT SELL.

One day, after an exciting contest between Spread Eagle and Doctor Syntax, a little fellow with a sharp physiognomy, offered to bet one hundred dollars that he could run half a mile *on foot*, and beat any trotting horse in harness, provided the driver would drink a pint of ale from the word "go," giving him that much start to begin with.

The knowing ones in horsecraft knew there was a catch somewhere, and nibbed at the tempting offer suspiciously. Again and again was the little fellow called upon to repeat the particulars of the bet. The horse-wise shook their heads. At last one of them, the Solomon of the turf, thinking *he saw the point*, and the hundred dollars safe in his own pocket, accepted the challenge. The terms were—he to sit in his sulky, reins in hand. The challenger to bring him a pint of ale from the neighboring tavern—good ale—no mixture—in an ordinary pint mug. The little fellow at the word "go!" to hand him the mug of ale and run. All understood—money up—"bring forth the horse." The horse was brought; "in truth, he was a noble steed." Solomon gets into the sulky—ribbons in his left hand—and now the little fellow brings the ale, from the tavern, in an ordinary pewter mug. Expectation is wrought up to the highest pitch; at the word "go!" he hands the mug, by the handle, to King Solomon, and is off like a shot.

All eyes were now upon the driver, for there the secret is. He lifts the tankard to his lips, pauses an instant, puffs off the froth, and says to his nearest friend—

"Bill, run and get some ice! This ale is as hot as blazes!"

It is said the little fellow, at the first quarter post, turned a somerset, made sundry gyratory motions with his thumb and fingers at his rival, ran the last quarter stretch *backwards*, and won.

MIGHTY PERCUSH.—Twenty or twenty-five years ago, old Phleg, up in Madison county, was telling his friend Jones, concarnin' of a fight. Phleg had a very little edication, but Jones was a man of right smart reading. So Phleg went on tellin'; "and," says he, "they fit and fit."

"And," says Jones, with a knowing look, "did they keep on a fittin' ?"

Old Phleg drawed himself up, and looked as sour as buttermilk into Jones's face. Says he:—

"You're mighty precise about langwige—POUT, then, blast you!"—*Southern Field.*

☞ One old Irish dame asked another, touching some person recently deceased, the following question:—"Eh dear, Judy, alannah, iv what did he die?" "Ayeh, den," replied Judy, "he died *in a Tuesday*, I'm tould."—*Cody's Cork and the Corkonians.*

THE STRANGER NPLUSSED.

Among the restaurants Philadelphia is one kept by ex-Coroner Jos Delavan. Coroner Delavan is a pattern uability, with a degree of tonnage growingly more remarkable. A few days ago a tleman entered the house and ordered a d reed birds and a pint of claret. While dising these delicacies, he touched the bell requested the waiter to send Mr. Delavto him. Mr. D. requested the stranger to a seat, and in a few minutes the twain w chatting as cosily as though they had braised together from childhood.

"By the way, Coroner"- is still called so —asked the stranger, "the time I was in here, you had a fuss withmebody; pray what caused it?"

"A chap contracted a bill $2,50, and then refused to pay up."

"And what did you do whim?"

"Chucked him out of doo

"Is that all?"

"Yes—going to law domay. To have obtained twenty shillingsworth of law would have cost twenty ars' worth of time."

"Then when a man swindlou, you merely chuck him out?"

"That's all."

"Well, what kind of wineare you?"

"As good an article of Hdec as is now extant. Will you try a bottl

"On one condition, and tha that you will join me in drinking it."

"With pleasure, sir."

Again the bell tinkled, again white-aproned darkey disappeared downe cellar-way, and a moment after the blackbttle with its silver necktie stood before thatable stranger. Its contents were duly l and disposed of, when the Coroner bed to be excused in order to attend to s customers, who were waiting for him front. The stranger shortly afterward find his reed-birds, and emerged from the ing-box. He confronted the Coroner within w feet of the front door.

"Mr. Delavan, your reed-bhwere cooked to a turn, and as for your Heidi, a finer article never crossed the Atlantic.'

"Happy to hear you say so," replied the Coroner.

"As a memento of the repasthave a slight favor to ask."

"Name it, sir."

"*Chuck* me out."

"What?"

"Chuck me out."

"You don't mean to say y're a swindler?"

"I don't mean anything els I haven't a nickel, and if you want pay those reed-birds, you must take it as yoid the other day—*chuck me out.*"

This was too much for the roner. The stranger wore a bran new hat, fa and glossy from the hatter's. The Coronemade a dash, took the shyster by the necktiemoved his castor without ruffling a hair of nap, passed castor over to barkeeper, andken walked back as coolly as though nothinad happened. The stranger was a good deconplussed, but being caught in his own tr could say nothing. That he was pennilewas shown by the fact that he walked awaybareheaded. That he never came back for e castor is pretty good proof that he raised somewhere else. Who or what he is, nobodyows. That it takes all kinds of people to ke a world, this little incident, however, shcl leave no one unsatisfied.

CURIOUS RECIPE FOR SLEEP.—Tis is a curious traditionary story current in ne families regarding a celebrated Scottishnobleman, which, I am assured, is true, and,rther, that it has never yet appeared in prin The story is, therefore, a Scottish reminiscee, and, as such, deserves a place here. Theirl of Lauderdale was so ill as to cause greatarm to his friends and perplexity to his physans. One distressing symptom was a totalbsence of sleep, and the medical men declar their opinion, that without sleep being indul he could not recover. His son, a queer, ecatric-looking boy, who was considered a kl of daft, and had had little attention paid his education, was sitting under the table, acried out, "Sen for that preaching man frae Kingstone, for he (the Earl) aye sleeps in the ch." One of the doctors thought this hint wth attending to. The experiment of "gettr a minister till him" succeeded, and sleepcoming on he recovered. The Earl, out of gtitude for this benefit, took more notice of hison, paid attention to his education, and tt boy became the Duke of Lauderdale, afwards so famous or infamous in his country'history.—*Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.*

"DONON THE BIG ONES!"—A geleman relates an anecdote of the Mexican ar, which has never been published:

When the American army was foing line for the battle of Buena Vista, Geral Lane was riding up and down the line of a Indiana regiment. The Mexicans had stathed some small guns on a neighboring hght, which were blazing away most furiously a General Lane's regiment. But as their guns ere badly aimed, the balls in every case passeover their heads, but sufficiently near as theyeard the peculiar whiz of the balls, to inluntarily "duck" their heads.

General Lane happened to notice is, and in his rough, stentorian voice he bawl out:

"Indiana regiment! No dodging"

In about five minutes after, the tmendous whiz of a twenty-four pound shot psed close by the head of the gallant brigadier,who in an instant involuntarily bobbed his ad. The men saw this, and commenced titting along the line, which the old General saw. Turning around with a sort of quizzical expssion, he thundered out:

"Indiana regiment! *Dodge the bigones!*"

WHERE lies the East? Morn's kindling robe
Creates that point alone.
Chase the Red Orient round the globe
Each country hath its own.
Learn hence with what a various glance
Truth meets each several ken:
What's East to thee may be, perchance,
The West of other men.

JUVENILE.—"Do you object to my smoking a cigar, sir?"
ELDERLY PARTY.—"Oh, no, certainly not, if it doesn't make you sick!"

Agricultural.

PREPARE TO PLANT CORN.

Some farmers may think this an odd time to talk about preparing land for corn—but we are serious, nevertheless, and shall offer some reasons in favor of now preparing for another year.

For a good number of years past the weather has been favorable to the growth and ripening of Indian corn; farmers have, therefore, become rather careless in regard to their preparation of the grounds, and to the time of planting. We have been so confident of success in the ripening of this golden grain that we have neglected to prepare for cold seasons.

For more than twenty years we have had corn summers—and on warm lands we have planted our corn too late to insure a good harvest. We see our error this season when it is too late. We must endeavor to plant in better season; and we can do it as well as not, provided we commence this fall.

Sward land may as well be ploughed in November as in April—and as more corn is now planted on such land than on old furrows we can forward our next spring's work materially by turning the sod in November. In most seasons the grass land is not frozen so hard as to stop the plough up to the 25th of the month—and we can often plough such land after the thanksgiving holiday is past.

We have offered some hints in favor of carting out and spreading the manure from the cowyard this fall on the fresh furrows, and then harrowing the land to incorporate the manure thoroughly and make it fit to receive seed long before "election time" or the last week in May.

Now we have been ranked among the "old fogies" long enough—and though we still persist in keeping in sight of the practice of our oldest and best farmers, we are not afraid of trying experiments and adopting new modes whenever we think they will turn to good account. We therefore recommend a trial of this mode of preparing land for planting. No farmer can lose much by trying one acre.

Our theory is that the manure, thus mixed, will make the soil fit for planting at an earlier day than when mixed in the spring. Many farmers think it necessary to put a shovelful of manure into each hill of corn to bring it forward, in addition to a coating broadcast. In cold grounds this may be necessary, but it costs too much labor to put a mess into each hill and another broadcast.

It is admitted that those who are at the trouble to put a mess of warm manure in each hill will have earlier corn than those who spread the whole through the field—still it does not follow that they will get more corn. When all the manure is put in the hills we must expect more stalk than corn—and when a part only is spread broadcast and the rest in the hills, the great objection is that it costs too much to plant and till an acre of corn. We may as well grow carrots and weed them by hand.

Let us not give up the corn crop because we have had one cold season in twenty-three years; nor let us go north to procure small seed ears which cannot yield more than half a harvest. Let us plant our best kinds earlier—and let us begin now, while we recollect what we have lost by late planting. The labor of husking small ears, is too tedious to be thought of by people who value their time; and we are satisfied that we need not resort to this, if we will "take time by the forelock."

In this cold summer we find many fields of ripe and sound corn—ears ten to twelve inches long—but the corn was planted early, on warm land. And we are confident that by early planting on dry land, we can grow our old ten inch ears in perfection.

Therefore we recommend more ploughing in November. Teams are now strong, and we may as well as not do a part of the ploughing before winter. Potatoes always yield better when the green sward is turned in the fall, because in case of spring ploughing the furrows lie so light as not to retain sufficient moisture for that plant.

We hope for warmer summers in future, for we look to the corn crop as our great staple for fattening all kinds of animals; but with another season like this we can have good sound corn at the rate of fifty and sixty bushels per acre, provided we take proper care and plant in due season—say by the middle of May at the latest.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

TOP-DRESSING GRASS LAND.—As this subject has attracted considerable attention of late, we need make no apology for our frequent reference to it, especially when we can present fresh facts and long experience, as in the present instance.

A writer in the Boston Cultivator, giving the result of twenty years' attention to the practice, says that on "natural mowing," or the moist meadows of Western Massachusetts, the best way is to apply fine manure in October and November, at the rate of from ten to twelve loads per acre; and better results follow when it is spread immediately. "In this way it works down among the roots of the grass, and is in a situation to cause it to start early and grow rapidly in the spring." Applied thus every second year, his meadows have given two tons of hay per acre, as the first crop, and if not fed off, one ton as the second.

The top-dressing which prejudices farmers against this mode of applying manure, is usually like the following: Green manure is taken in the spring from the yard, and spread upon the meadows. "It dries up, and is in a condition to be gathered in hay-time with the horse-rake, and carried into the barn in dried lumps rather than in the form of an increased crop of hay." Whenever applied, the manure should be fine, and it is universally conceded that autumn is the most favorable time for the application. If the land can be irrigated, a much greater result will be produced.—*Country Gentleman.*

APPLE TREES IN NOVEMBER.—Many inquire of us whether November is a good month to set these trees, and whether they should be mulched at this season? We think they grow as well when set in November as in other months, provided the right course is taken.—Make a bank a foot high around each tree, after setting. It is not more than one minute's labor for each tree.

This will protect the roots till the earth is settled around them. This will save all expense of stakes. This will keep the water and ice away, through the winter. And this mound will keep all mice and moles at a distance through the winter. In the spring this mound should be levelled, and then the mulching is wanted to keep the surface light and moist, and to prevent the growth of weeds and grass.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

CUTTING FEED.—The New Jersey Farmer illustrates the economy of cutting feed for cattle in a few words: If a farmer has no fodder to be disposed of, except fine, "merchantable hay," there will be little need of cutting it. But most persons have corn-stalks, hay and straw a little damaged, which, if fed out unprepared, would be much wasted. Now a careful farmer would run this through a straw-cutter, then mix with a little meal and moisten, and it will be a vastly more palatable dish, little or none will be wasted, and what is eaten will be well digested. Our good housewives hash up odds and ends of meat, to save them, and to make them more acceptable to their families—why should not the same principle of economy rule in the farmer's barn?

HORSE SHAKING HIS HEAD.—I had a mare that shook her head so much that it was almost dangerous to ride her at a fence. One day I was obliged to ride her to a friend's house on matters of business; and, as it rained heavily, I told my servant to put a light rug and hood on her. She did not shake her head once that day. Upon thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that it was the wind blowing into her ears that caused the shaking of the head; so I had a pair of white calico ears made, which I fastened to the forehead band and head-stall of bridle. She never shook her head after. Let W. S. try it for a little.—The mare was worth £200, but I would have taken £10 for her until I found out this simple cure.—*London Field.*

EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR POISONED SHEEP.—Open the sheep's mouth, and with a sharp-pointed knife, bleed the sheep in the third or fourth bar or ridge from the entrance of the mouth, and the work is done, and a cure effected without pining away or loss of flesh, as in most other remedies. I have applied the above remedy to several sheep that were flat on their sides, and appeared lifeless, and have not lost one sheep.—*Corres. N. E. Farmer.*

VIRTUE (for mere good-nature is a fool,)
Is sense and spirit with humanity.
—*Armstrong.*

THE ETIQUETTE OF KNOCKING DOWN.—The following is from "A Handbook of Etiquette," recently published in England:

"Of course to knock a man down is never good manners, but there is a way of doing it gracefully, and one rule should be observed: viz.: whether you can command your temper or not, never show it, except by the blow. Never assail an offender with words, nor when you strike him, use such expressions as 'Take that,' &c. There are cases in society when it is quite incumbent on you to knock an offender down, if you can, whether you feel angry or not, so that if to do so is not precisely good manners, to omit it is sometimes very bad manners; and to box, and that well, is therefore an important accomplishment, particularly for little men."

☞ A farmer in Strathmore being invited to dine at Belmont, had the precaution to ask the butler if there was any particular ceremony to be observed at the table, and was told there was only one thing his lord and lady disliked, and that was the drinking of their healths. The good man determined to be on his good behaviour; so when raising the wine to his lips he called out, "Here's to a' the company's gude health, except my Lord Privy Seal and Lady Betty Mackenzie.—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

☞ "Wife, wife, what has become of the grapes?"

"I suppose, my dear, the hens have picked them off," was her moderate reply.

"Hens—hens—some two-legged hens, I guess," said her husband, with some impetuosity.

To which she calmly replied, "My dear, did you ever see any other kind?"

Useful Receipts.

TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.—Aunt Rhoda, in the New England Farmer, says:—"Skim the milk as soon as it sours, and before it thickens, if possible; stir the cream faithfully, especially when new is added. Set the jar in a cool place; if the cellar is not cold and sweet, set it in the spring or hang it in the well—any way to keep it cool. After the last cream is added before churning, then 'go a visiting' if you please, as cream should not be churned the day it is taken off. At night fall, fill the churn with cold water, and start the churning at early dawn, and my word for it, you will soon find a solid mass of golden-colored butter, free from white specks, and when properly salted and packed, fit for anybody's table. After the buttermilk starts, pour in cold water, a little at a time, turning the crank slowly and carefully back and forth; this prevents the butter from closing too rapidly, does not break the grains, and gives every particle of the cream a chance to form into butter.

HOW TO MAKE HARD SOAP.—Seeing in the monthly Farmer an inquiry as to the way of making hard soap, I will, in reply, give my experience. Some twenty years ago, bein aboutg to change my place of residence, and having on hand a quantity of excellent soft soap, which it was not convenient to remove, I remarked that I wished it was hard soap. My husband who was something of a chemist, said, it could be easily be done, by heating it and adding common salt. I did so, adding the salt a little at a time, and trying it, by cooling a little of it. When I found a thick scum rise to the surface, it was dipped into tubs and allowed to stand until next day. The hard crust was then taken off, melted and poured into moulds, and when cold, cut in bars and dried. It proved very good—the older and drier, the better.—*N. E. Farmer.*

TO KEEP HAMS.—Mr. Brooks, of Tioga county, gives in the Rural New Yorker, a method of keeping hams which has never failed with him. He has tried them in salt, in grain, in pounded charcoal, in dry ashes and sewed up in cloth and whitewashed, but they would either mould or suffer injury from flies or some other way. He then made sacks for them of a yard square of good sheeting, putting them up before infected by flies, one in a sack. Sweet hay is cut up about one inch long, and put in the sacks, around the hams, keeping them from the bag. They are then tied up and hung up in the smoke-house, or some cool, dry place; the hay and bag will keep away the flies, and allow the escape of moisture, so that they will not mould. If well cured and thoroughly smoked, one may depend on having good hams as long as they last.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—Quite recently, while walking in the garden with the Hon. J. W. Fairfield, Hudson, N. Y., he called my attention to the small stakes, which supported the raspberry canes. The end in the ground, as well as the part above, was as sound and bright as if lately made, but he informed me that they had been in constant use for twelve years! Said I, "Of course they are cyanized?"—"Yes," he replied, "and the process is so simple and cheap that it deserves to be universally known, and it is simply this: One pound of blue vitriol to twenty quarts of water. Dissolve the vitriol with boiling water, and then add the remainder."

"The end of the stick is then dropped into the solution, and left to stand four or five days; for shingle, three days will answer, and for post six inches square, ten days. Care is to be taken that the saturation takes place in a metal vessel or keyed box, for the reason that any barrel will be shrunk by the operation so as to leak. Instead of expanding an old cask, as other liquids do, this shrinks them. Chloride of zinc, I am told, will answer the same purpose, but the blue vitriol is, or was formerly, very cheap, viz.: three to six cents per pound."

Mr. Fairfield informed me that the French government are pursuing a similar process with every item of timber now used in shipbuilding, and that they have a way of forcing it into the trees in the forest as soon as cut, ejecting the sap and cyanizing it all on the spot. I have not experimented with it, but Mr. Fairfield's success seemed to be complete.

The process is so simple and cheap as to be within the convenience of every farmer, and gardener even, and I therefore thought it so valuable as to warrant a special notice of it.—*R. G. Pardee.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 59 letters.

My 8, 1, 53, 31, 40, 5, 58, was one of the Titans.
My 16, 1, 17, 37, 24, 2, 42, was a river that flowed beneath the throne of Pluto.
My 19, 29, 46, 19, 23, 6, 58, were half men and half fish upon whom the Nereids rode.
My 6, 15, 29, 10, 50, 27, 58, were sea nymphs, who had the gift of prophecy and the power of assuming different shapes.
My 3, 39, 58, 1, 55, 29, 35, invented the lyre four hours after his birth.
My 1, 30, 56, 22, 16, 58, 55, 58, was a three-headed dog that made hell tremble when he barked, and could only be subdued by Hercules, for, when loosed from his 100 chains, even the Furies were unable to tame him.
My 44, 54, was changed into a heifer by Jupiter, to protect her from the jealousy of Juno.
My 11, 24, 49, 55, 58, had 100 eyes, which, after his death, Juno took to adorn the tail of the peacock.
My 59, 32, 16, 31, 53, 58, was the greatest of the sea deities.
My 31, 4, 23, 57, was the cup-bearer of Olympus.
My 4, 41, 36, 14, 9, 32, 35, 39, was carried by Jupiter (while he was in the shape of an eagle) from Mount Ida to the seat of the gods, where he discharged the office of cup-bearer.
My 51, 55, 12, 1, 33, 42, forged the thunderbolts of Jupiter.
My 7, 17, 25, 13, 44, 11, was one of the nine muses.
My 34, 30, 6, 55, 58 was a goddess, who is sometimes represented riding in a chariot drawn by swans.
My 43, 70, 51, 50, 20, is a fallen angel.
My 17, 57, 47, 30, 26, was the wife of Menelaus.
My 37, 36, 10, 1, 59, 54, was one of the Furies.
My 52, 48, 50, 1, 50, 55, 58, was a surname of Jupiter.

My whole were words of our Saviour.

J. G. WATERMAN.

RIDDLE.

£50 REWARD.—The celebrated Anne Seward left in her will a bequest of £50 sterling, to be given to the person who should solve this riddle. We believe the reward has never been claimed:

The noblest object in the world of art,
The brightest gem that nature can impart,
The point essential in a lawyer's case,
The well known signal in the time of peace,
The farmer's prompter when he drives the plough—
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow—
The planet seen between the earth and sun—
The prize that merit never yet has won—
The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews,
The wife's ambition and the parson's dues.
Now if your spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line,
By the first letters quickly will be shown
An ancient city of no small renown.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Diana, sir.	A hat.
Earth.	Pain a goat.
Saw logy.	Boil 'em.
Lost rib.	Mail.
Englander.	Crimean.

East Liverpool, O. MYLIO.

MENSURATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The square of the longest diagonal taken in the inside of an oblong box is 308 inches. The box itself is 2 inches longer than broad, and 2 inches broader than high. I should like to know by this the contents of the box. DAVID GEARHART.

Sugar Valley, Clinton Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wishing to measure an equilateral triangular meadow, and not being able to measure any of the sides directly on account of swamps, &c., on the lines, I went into the meadow and found a spring, and to obtain some data from which the contents of the meadow might be calculated, I measured from the spring to the first or nearest corner, and found the distance to be 50 perches. From the spring to the second corner, I found the distance to be 60 perches; and from the spring to the third or farthest corner to be 70 perches. What is the area of said triangular meadow?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a man out of date? Ans.—When he's a weak back!!!

☞ In what color is a secret best kept? Ans. In-violate.

☞ If you saw a pretty girl entering a convent, and you wished to prevent it, what would your wish be? Ans.—A-nun-a-veiling (an unavailing).

☞ Why was Lord Byron a very good-tempered man? Ans.—Because he always kept his collar (choler) down.

☞ What is the difference between a butcher and a young lady? Ans.—The former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—John the Evangelist—"Children love one another." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Harper's Ferry Insurrection. CHARADE—Rope-walk. ENIGMA—

The pleasures which we poor mortals combine,
When exempt from all fear and alarm,
With flattery, games or a goblet of wine,
Or when lovely women around us entwine
Their arms is oft called a CHARM.

Take away the initial and then it is HARM,
It's to care and oppression allied,
Drop one letter more and then it is ARM,
Like a dutiful wife, let what dangers alarm,
It will always be found at your side.

Transpose the three last, a RAM it will be,
It's a sign of the Heavens, a beast underneath,
Transpose it throughout and MARCH you will see,
A month in the Spring, a term by which we
In battle are led on to death

We can from it make HAM, a word that is found
A Turk or a Jew holds as evil,
Transpose its first four and ARCH it does sound,
It's the blue vault of Heaven, a word Milton has found.
Applies to the fiend called the Devil. A. H. W.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—A got 2.529 inches—B got 3.664 inches—C got 3,887—whole cheese 20 inches. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—19 days, 3 hours.